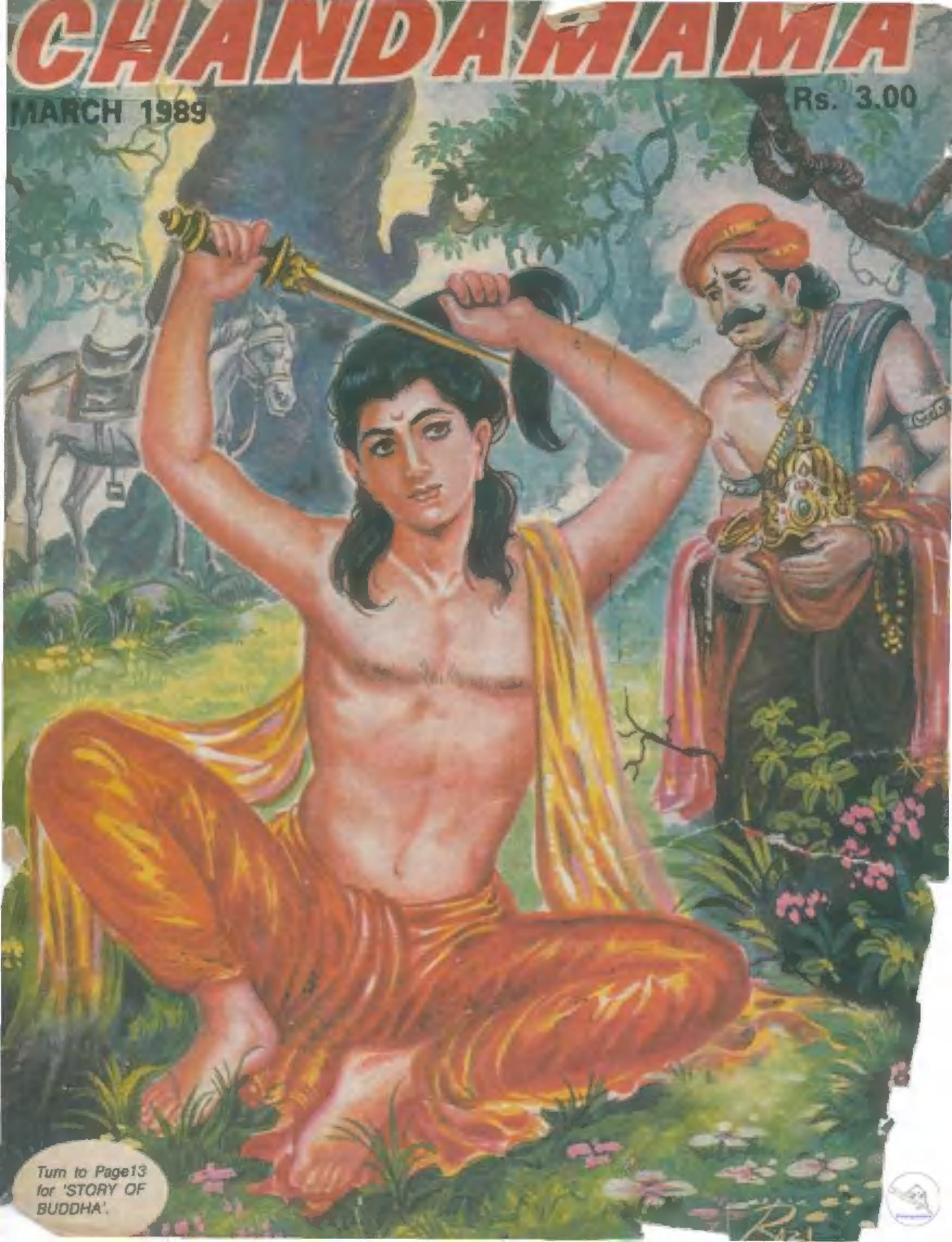


CHANDAMAMA

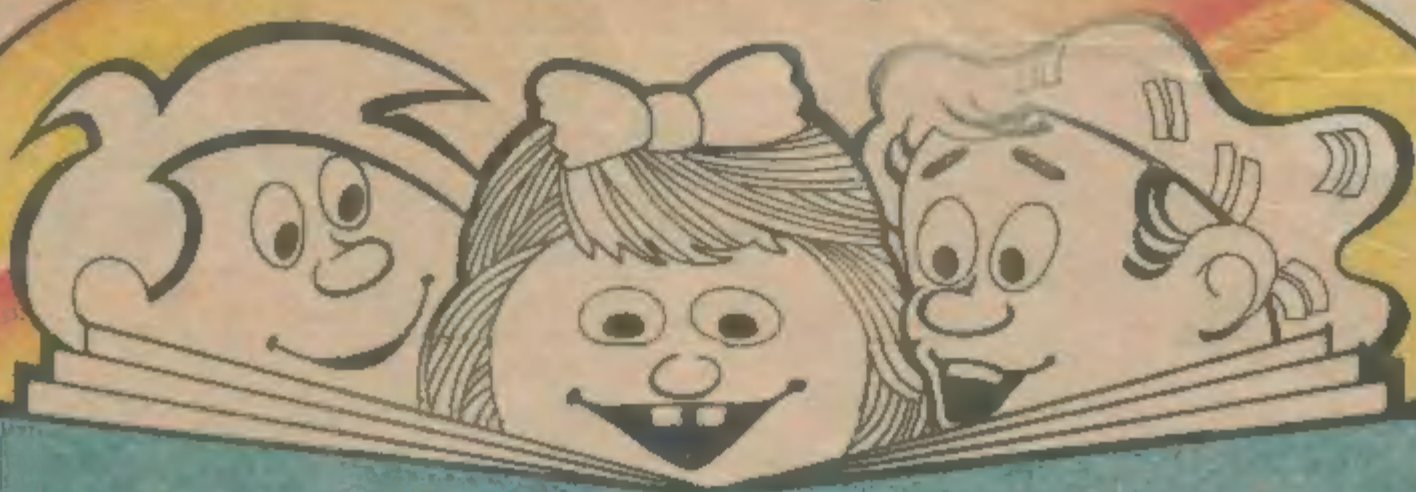
MARCH 1989

Rs. 3.00



Turn to Page 13
for 'STORY OF
BUDDHA'.





***Every child's
best friend***

JUNIOR

QUEST

New
monthly
English
children's
magazine

Where finding out is fun



A CHANDAMAMA VIJAYA
COMBINES PUBLICATION

SUPER BARGAIN

A SUPER BARGAIN FOR OUR FIRST SUBSCRIBERS!

A Whole year's JUNIOR QUEST for Rs **50**- only

HURRY NOW and Send Your
Money Order / Postal Order / Demand Draft
to M/s. DOLTON AGENCIES
CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS
VADAPALANI
MADRAS 600 026



DIAMOND COMICS

PRESTIGIOUS
THE LONG AWAITED

PRAN'S
CHACHA CHAUDHARY
ENCOUNTER WITH RAAKA

Cartoonist Pran's

CHACHA CHAUDHARY ENCOUNTER WITH RAAKA
Dreaded Raaka has returned with Vengeance. He has drunk the miraculous potion of Valdyaraj Chakramacharya which has made the cruel dacoit immortal. He has set on looting and killing spree. To contain this ruthless outlaw is an up hill task before Chacha Chaudhary, the man whose brain works faster than computer, and his companion Sabu.

62 Page
Multi Colour
Comics
Packed with
Thrills
and
Actions

CHILDREN BOOKS

Children Jokes	5.00
Prahlad	5.00
Dhruva	5.00
Rani Jhansi	5.00
Maharana Pratap	5.00
Indira Gandhi	5.00
Folk Tales of Punjab	5.00
Lord Rama	5.00
Lord Krishna	5.00
Ram Krishna Paramhansa	5.00
Vaishno Devi	5.00
Santoshi Mata	5.00
Shirdi Sai Baba	5.00
Shakuntala	5.00
Eklavya	5.00
The Diamond Discipline	5.00
Stories From Panchtantra I	5.00
Stories From Panchtantra II	5.00
Sharwan Kumar	5.00
Birbal's Wit I	5.00
Birbal's Wit II	5.00
Stories From Hitopadesh	5.00
Folk Tales of Nagaland	5.00
Florence Nightingale	5.00
Chacha Nehru	5.00
Our Bapu	5.00
Folk Tales of Rajasthan	5.00
Folk Tales of Haryana	5.00
Abhimanyu	5.00
Tales From Arabian Nights	5.00
Lord Shiva	5.00

MOTU PATLU
AND
THE FUNNY HOTEL

MAMA BHANJA
AND
THE CUNNING LION

MAHABALI SHAKA
AND
THE NETHER DEMON

DIAMOND BOOK CLUB

How to become member of Diamond Book Club?

1. Write your name and address on the attached coupon in clear and legible letters.
2. Send five rupees through money order or postage stamps along with your coupon as membership fee. Your membership shall stand confirmed only when we receive the fee.
3. If you order four books at a time in a month, we shall give you a rebate of Rs.2/- and also not charge any postage. We shall be offering four books every month. If these books do not come to your choice, you are free to select any five books from the list of Diamond Comics and Diamond Pocket Book titles and we shall send you the same. But ordering five books at a time is a must to get the benefits.
4. We shall be sending you a Choice Card every month if you like the books offered by us then you need not send the card back. In case you do not like the books, you should write us the names of at least 7 books of your choice so that we send you 4 books of your choice available with us at that time.
5. Under the scheme, we shall be sending you your V.P. packet by 20th of every month.

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

Kindly enrol me as a member of Diamond Book Club, I am sending Rs.5 through money order stamps as membership fee along with the coupon. (We shall not enrol you as a member till we receive the membership fee). I have read your rules and agree to them. I promise to accept V.P. every month.

NAME _____

FATHER'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POST OFFICE _____

DIST _____

Gift CHILDREN JOKES FREE!!

BY BECOMING MEMBER UP TO 31-3-89

DIAMOND COMICS PVT. LTD. 2715, Darya Ganj, New Delhi-110002.

Say 'No' to drippy glue



Easy, Quick, Clean.

Yes, KORES PRITT Glue Stick makes sticking so easy, so clean, so quick! Look at all the fun you can have:

- Cover your books
- Stick on labels
- Make paper pictures & toys
- Repair kites
- Stick photos
- Stick stamps
- Wrap gifts

Say 'Yes' to New Kores Pritt Glue Stick



■ And more, more... Ask your mummy to get you KORES PRITT Glue Stick from stationers and general stores — today.

KORES®

Marketed by:
Kores (India) Ltd., Bombay 18

PRITT® is the

Registered Trademark of

Wald Germany

Henkel

AKA-366-A



Meri Saheli presents B.R. Chopra's

MAHABHARAT

in Chitrakatha volumes!



'Mahabharat', the TV mega-serial, is now being photo-featured in Chitrakatha books!

The first four issues are now on stands. Released in English, Hindi, Bengali, Marathi and Gujarati. Other language editions to be released shortly.

Price: Rs. 5/- per issue

Ensure your copy today! You'll find it the ideal family reading. In case of difficulty, send Rs. 20/- for 4 issues by M.O./D.D. favouring Pioneer Book Co. Pvt. Ltd.,
160, Dr. D.N. Road, Bombay 400 001. Ph: 204 3883/204 6759.

Now preserve your Sunday viewing in print!

APMS-PBC-1-89



IN THIS ISSUE

Mythology:

Into The Unknown
— In Story of Buddha ... Page 13

Stories:

The Most Precious Thing ... Page 21
Condition Fulfilled ... Page 26
Two Misers And A Pair Of Shoes ... Page 28
In Search Of A Job ... Page 29
A Lesson On The Way ... Page 31
A Feast For The Fox ... Page 36
A Report On The Prince ... Page 39

The Question That Was Not
Answered ... Page 45
Luck From The Sky ... Page 49
The Strange Paste ... Page 55
Ghetu's Tricks ... Page 58
A Handful Of Salt ... Page 62

Picture Stories:

The Sun Temple At Modhera ... Page 20
Saga Of Nehru (5) ... Page 51

Features:

Money At The Doorstep ... Page 18
World Of Sport ... Page 34
World Of Nature ... Page 35

AND News Flash, Let Us Know and More!

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 19 APRIL 1989 No.10

* The great quest of Siddhartha
passes from phase to phase — in the
STORY OF BUDDHA.

* Nehru's life becomes inseparable
from the destiny of the Nation.

* Myths and legends from many
lands, a pictorial story filled with fun
and a bunch of refreshing stories,
along with the other regular
features.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

उदये सविता रक्ते रक्तश्चास्तमये तथा ।

सम्पत्तौ च विपत्तौ च महतामेकरूपता ॥

*Udaye Savita rakto raktashchastamaye tatha
Sampattou cha vipattou cha mahatamekarupata*

The sun looks equally red when it rises and when it sets. Similarly those who are brave remain equally calm during the time of prosperity and during the time of distress.

Printed by B.V. REDDI & Prasad Process Private Ltd., 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 077 (India).

The stories, articles and designs contained herein are the exclusive property of the publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.





Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

A WELCOME TREND

We are happy to note that more and more readers are sending questions for two of our sections popular among the students: "Let Us Know" and "Towards Better English". What makes us happier is the fact that the questions bear the stamp of quest and intelligence. However, many questions we receive have already been answered earlier. Surely, you preserve the copies of Chandamama, don't you? Before sending your questions, you can glance through the old issues and see whether they have already been answered or not. Some readers send a number of questions each. Since we receive so many questions, you will appreciate our decision that we will answer only one question from one reader.

Thoughts to be Treasured

All of us, to whatever religion we may belong, are equally the children of India with equal rights, privileges and obligations.

— Jawaharlal Nehru



LIVE THE ADVENTURE!

GI JOE

INTERNATIONAL HEROES

ARE HERE!

Now! Start a real battle in your backyard between the good guys and the villains.

GI JOE International Heroes and Cobra Terrorists are available at your nearest toy shop. Collect your own miniature, fully poseable army figures. Then add all their weapons, missiles, tanks and armoured cars.

Hurry! Get there before your friends get you!

- GI JOE TOYS
- COMICS
- VIDEO CASSETTES

Manufactured by
Funskool (India) Ltd.
a subsidiary of
MRF Limited,
in collaboration with
Hasbro Inc., U.S.A.



FUNSKOOL

Rediffusion/FS/7331c



TWO MISERS AND A PAIR OF SHOES

Two misers, Jeewan and Bakshi, shared a room in the city. Jeewan was a diamond-merchant. Bakshi was a money-lender.

"Let us buy a pair of shoes, each paying half of its price," proposed Jeewan.

"But it won't do if you use one shoe from the pair and I use the other shoe. People will laugh to see one of our feet bare!" observed Bakshi.

"My brother, we need not divide the pair of shoes between us. You can use the pair of shoes when you go out on business and I can do the same when I go out," suggested Jeewan.

The proposal sounded quite reasonable. They contributed equally and bought a pair of shoes.

Jeewan, being a diamond-merchant, roamed about in the city frequently, his jewellery box in hand. He made the best use of the shoes. Bakshi, being a money-lender, mostly sat on the verandah of his room and people came to borrow from him or to pay him back the money they had taken. He was sorry that he could not make use of the shoes for which he had paid!

A bright idea came to him. He put on the shoes at night when Jeewan was asleep and strolled on the verandah or in the courtyard. In due course the shoes wore away.

"Let us go for a new pair of shoes," proposed Jeewan.

"No, no, never!" resisted Bakshi.

"Why?" asked Jeewan, surprised.

"How long can I go sleepless at night? I must sleep!" said Bakshi in a stern voice.





The Adventures of GEMS BOND



Cadbury's **GEMS**
Non-stop excitement!



OBM/3617

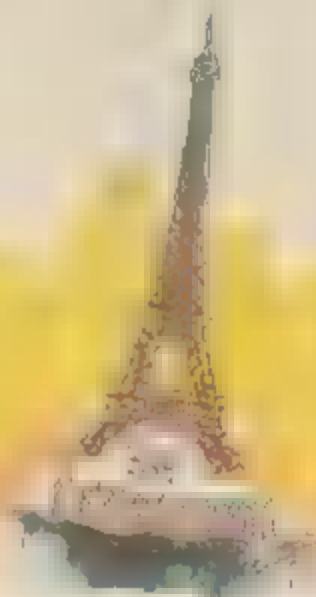


PEACE AT HEART, PLEASE

For sake of your heart, remain peaceful. The latest research on heart disease carried on at the Duke University shows that hostility to others, suspicion of others' motives and anger lead to heart diseases resulting in untimely death.

EIFFEL TOWER'S BIRTHDAY

Skyscrapers around the world will be decked out with new illuminations from December 31 to celebrate the birthday of the daddy of them all the Eiffel tower in Paris. The Empire State Building in New York, the Tokyo tower, the Toronto and Calgary towers in Canada, London's British telecom tower and the Olympic tower in Munich, West Germany, are to feature in the event, the Eiffel tower's administrators said. The 320-metre Eiffel Tower was built by Gustav Eiffel for the universal exhibition of 1889. Its official birthday is on March 31.



THE SMALLEST PLANE

It weighs 47 kg. This smallest plane (not a toy) which can fly at a maximum speed of 130 km an hour, is made by a Russian, Viktor Dimitriev. It burns only 3 litres of petrol in an hour.

RETURN FROM PYRE

A 100-year-old woman who was presumed dead returned alive from a crematorium at village Malanka in Bhavnagar district, surprising all her kith and kin.

Initially all those present were frightened but later calmed down when they realised that she was not dead as they had presumed.





**A New Year gift from
Amar Chitra Katha**

Chimpu

COMICS



In which you will meet

Ramu Shamu: *The mischievous six-year-old twins who spell double trouble for their parents and teachers.*



Kapish:
The wily monkey who uses his tail to help animals out of trouble.

Raji:
The oversmart girl who always has the last word.



Uncle ■■ brings fun and frolic for the young readers.

Price
RS. 4



Published by :
India Book House Pvt. Ltd.



BUDDHA

—by Mohan Das

(Prince Siddhartha, after seeing the sick, the aged and the dead, wondered if man was bound to remain a slave of disease, old age and death forever. He then saw a hermit who appeared to be at peace with himself. The prince decided to become a hermit — in order to see for himself if that way it was possible to achieve liberation from the curses of disease, old age and death. At midnight he asked his charioteer Channa to accompany him.)

INTO THE UNKNOWN

The main palace and the castles around it lay enchanted under a full moon. Prince Siddhartha, instead of taking his chariot, decided to ride his favourite horse, Kanthaka. Channa walked, holding the reins of the horse and looked at the prince again and again.

Most of the palace guards had

fallen asleep even in their posts. But the sentries at the main gate were awake. They would have stopped the horse and its rider, but for the full-moon night. As soon as the familiar contours of the prince and his diamond-studded crown became clear to them, they bowed and hurriedly opened the gate. They were not



expected to question the prince's action even at the dead of night.

"Channa, please ride the horse and drive it. Let ■ sit behind you," said the prince. Channa hesitated. He must know what was in his young master's mind. He feared that the prince was going to do something unusual, something unexpected. Still walking with the horse he brought it to ■ halt at a crossroad.

The prince suddenly saw a strange being standing in front of him and smiling at him. The being looked gorgeous and godly, but the prince was not sure about his motive.

"Don't go away, O Prince,

don't take this dangerous step," said the charming being in ■ tender voice.

"Maybe I am taking ■ dangerous step. But is there, any human being who ■ be sure that the step he took was not dangerous? Is it not ■ fact that danger is stalking us at every step we take?" replied the prince.

"But why should you knowingly step into an unsafe and unknown future? You have a kingdom and all the wealth of a king at your disposal. You have a beautiful and noble wife, you have a lovely son; your father's concern and kindness for you can never be measured. How many



people can claim such ■ good luck?" argued the being.

"I know that very few can claim such a good luck, but I also know that the luck is not going to be there with me forever," said the prince.

"I will be with you. I will give you more wealth, more power, more pleasures!" said the being.

The prince hesitated for a moment and then asked, "But tell me, who are you?"

"I am Mara!"

"Mara?" The prince smiled. "Your ■ betrays what your offers really mean. You are death. It is through these temptations of wealth, power and pleasures that

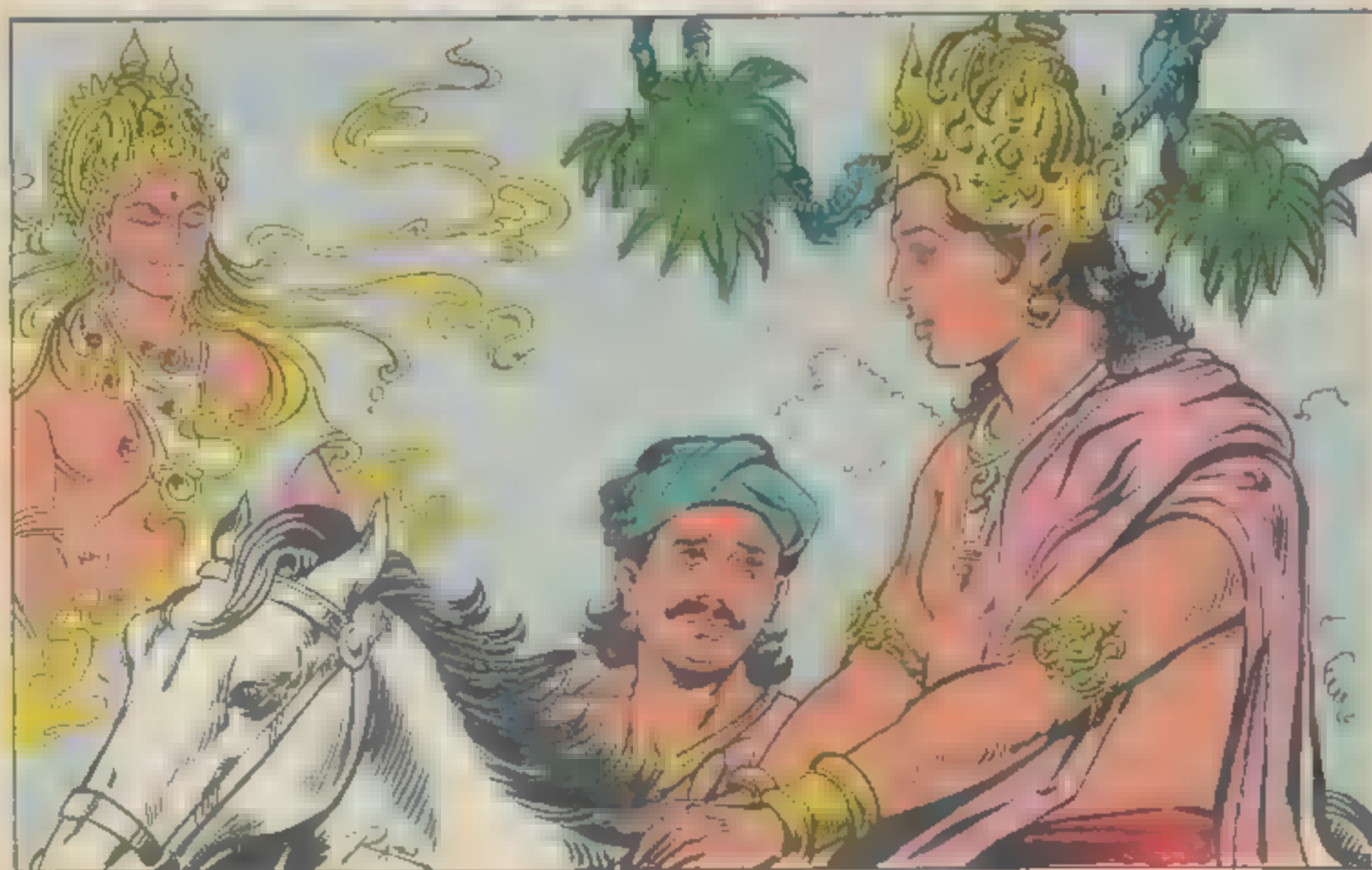
you keep man bound to your reign, bound to the rule of death!" The prince paused. Mara hung his head. Slowly his figure disappeared.

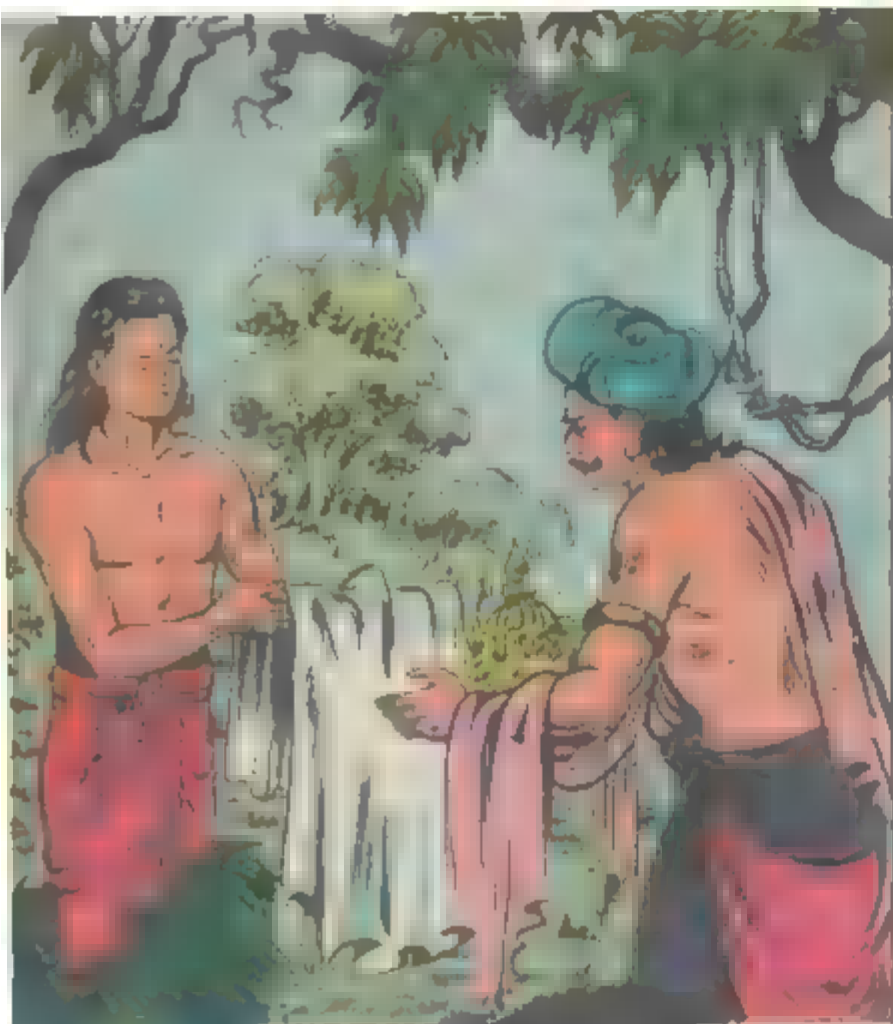
"What are you thinking, my master? Much of the night is still left for you to return home and sleep in peace!"

This time it was Channa who spoke. The prince understood that Channa had not been able to see Mara or hear their dialogue.

"My dear friend, let us take to the shortest route to cross the border of our kingdom," said Prince Siddhartha.

Channa cautiously got onto the horse and made it gallop. The





horse ran faster than I had ever run — as if eager to be of some help to the great mission of its master.

They galloped through sleeping villages and dusky meadows in silence. By the time they reached the banks of the Anoma, the river that marked the end of Kapilavastu and beginning of Magadha, dawn was breaking out.

In one mighty leap Kanthaka crossed the river — the last feat in its life. The prince asked Channa to stop. Then both dismounted. "My friend," said the prince softly ■ he took off his crown, his necklaces and his royal

attire, "take these and return to the palace. You are noble and intelligent. You must have guessed what is in my mind."

Channa broke into tears. The prince embraced him and said, "My friend, should you not rejoice at the fact that I am going in search of truth, in search of the way to liberate man from his bondage to ignorance?"

The prince next unsheathed his sword and cut his long hair and let the gusts of wind carry them into the river. He then handed over the sword to Channa.

"What ■ misfortune of mine it is that I became ■ witness to this change in you!" cried out Channa.

"It is only ■ noble and faithful friend, ■ friend endowed with the power of understanding, who could have witnessed this change in me, dear Channa," said the prince.

A pleasant surprise was awaiting Siddhartha. From behind ■ tree came out ■ sage. "Here are the things you'll need, my boy," he said and quietly placed on Siddhartha's hands three sets of yellow robes, ■ bowl, and ■ few other things generally used by ascetics. The speaker did not tarry; he walked away into the

nearby wood. "Goodbye, Channa," said Siddhartha, and turning to his horse, Kanthaka, he said the same thing. He had got a hint from the unknown sage that he was not to tarry, not to prolong the moment of separation.

Channa wiped his eyes. He knew too well that any effort on his part to persuade the prince to return home will go in vain. Besides, Channa was a wise man. Despite the pain he suffered in his mind at the moment, he felt that the way the prince was going had been chalked out for him by Providence.

"Let us go," he told the horse which was lying on the ground. No response came from the otherwise alert and faithful beast. Thinking that it was extremely tired, Channa sat down to examine it. Alas, Kanthaka was dead! Had the animal understood

that it would never again be able to serve its beloved master?

When Channa was back in Kapilavastu late in the afternoon, the city was plunged in sorrow and anxiety. "Channa is here! Channa is here!!" shouted several people. "But where is the prince?" asked others in despair.

Channa was ushered into the king's presence. "Where is my son?" asked the king gravely.

Channa tried to be as calm and composed as possible. He succeeded only partly and managed to narrate all that had happened. The king sat grim and silent. All others remained silent too. But from time to time cries were heard from the interior of the palace.

"So, Siddhartha is gone!" said the king at last. "I feared this will be so, but I tried my best not to let it be so!"

To continue



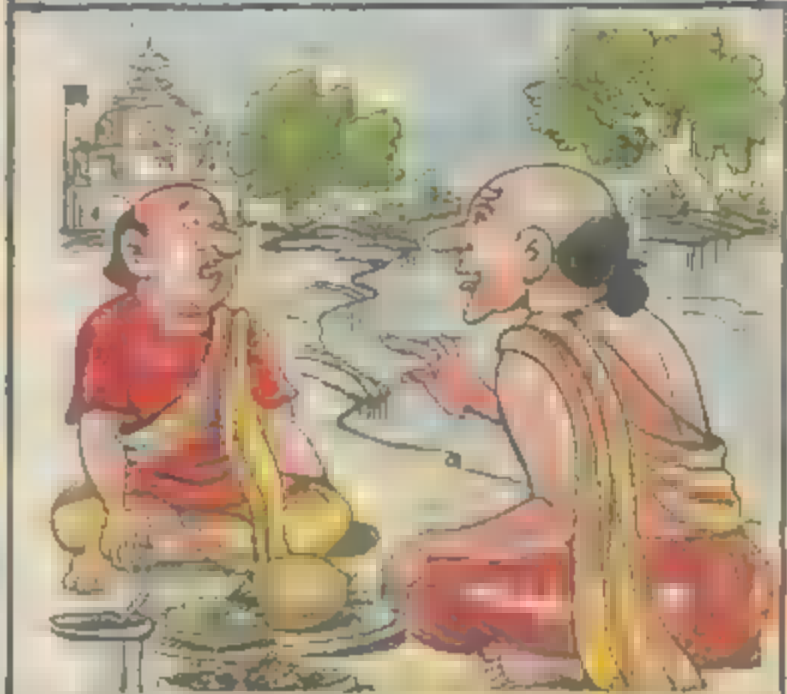
TALES OF GOPAL BHAND

MONEY AT THE DOORSTEP



Once Gopal took a long journey to reach a holy place in order to perform the funeral ceremony of his father at an auspicious moment.

The priest began the ceremony, but said in the midst of it, "Your father owed me a hundred rupees. Pay me or I will not complete the ceremony!"



The ceremony over, Gopal went and began collecting the seeds of jackfruit from the backyards of different houses and kept them in a sack.



Gopal was taken aback. But he did not want the auspicious moment to pass. "I will so arrange tomorrow morning that you will receive your money right at your doorstep!" he promised.

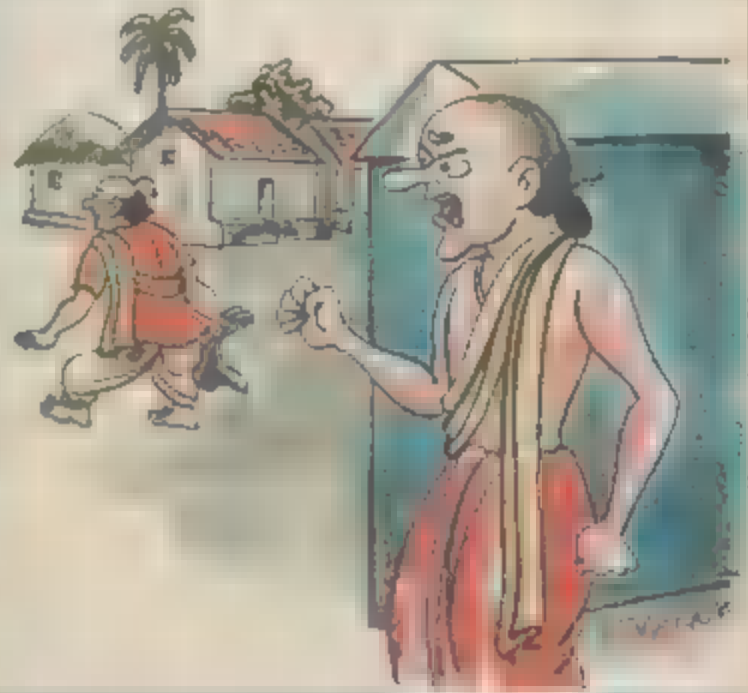
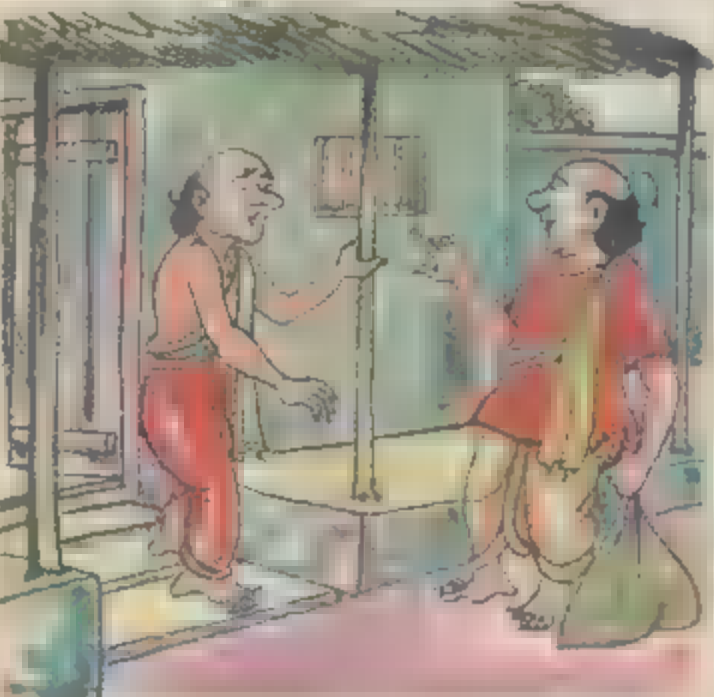


Gopal carried the jackfruit seeds in a sack to the priest's house early in the morning the next day — before taking his breakfast.



He then began to sow the seeds in the frontyard of the house. The priest who came out of the house observed him at work and was surprised.

"What are you doing?" the priest asked. "These will grow into trees and yield you jackfruit!" "So what?" asked the priest.

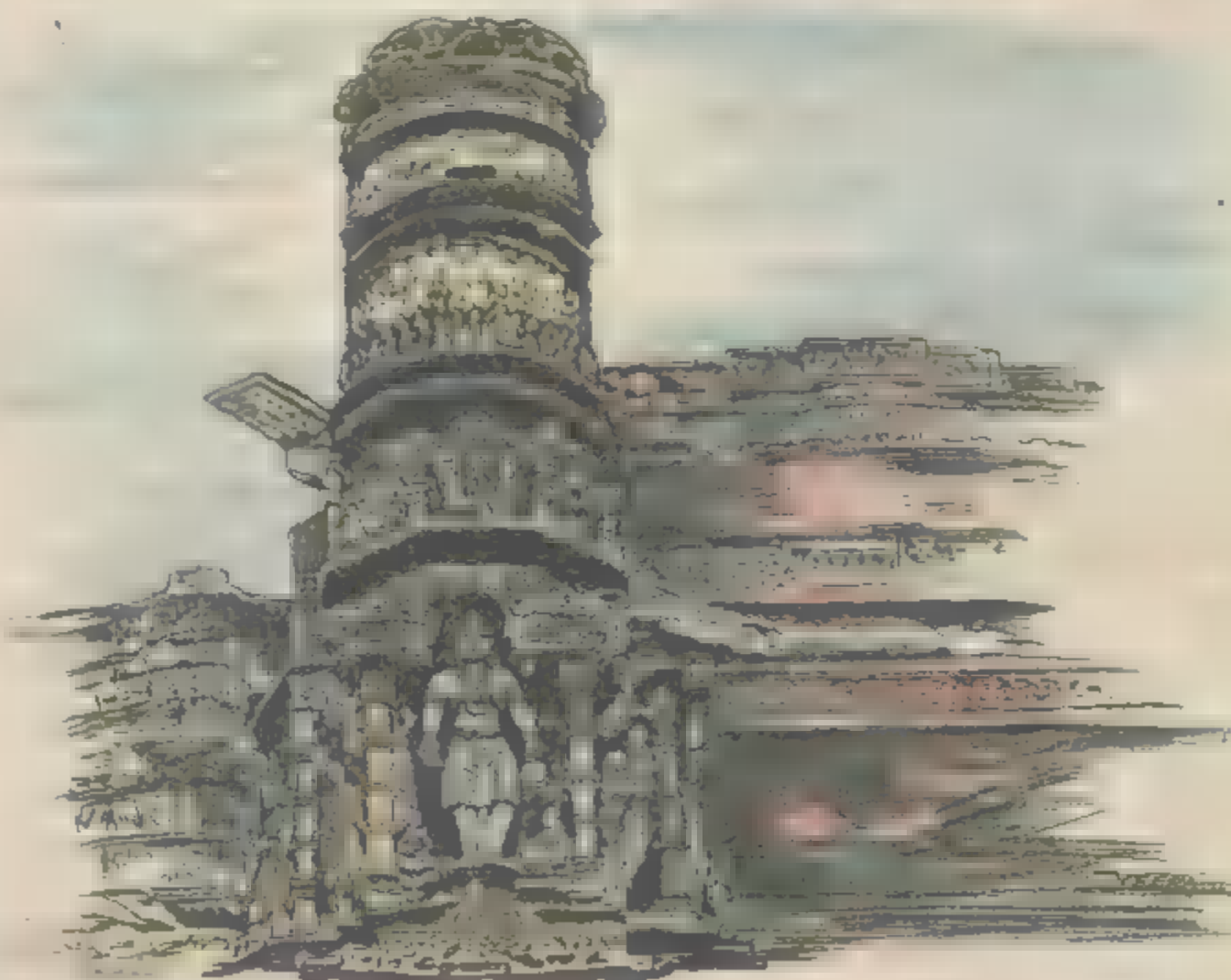


"Well, you will sell the jackfruit and in course of time receive more than what you had paid. Have I not arranged for you to receive your money right at your doorstep as promised?" Gopal went away.

THE SUN TEMPLE AT MODHERA

A little over a hundred kilometres from the city of Ahmedabad in Gujarat is situated Modhera, famous for its temple dedicated to the Sun-God. The temple is a beautiful monument, with rich sculptures and carvings. It is made in such a way that the sun shines into the sanctum sanctorum, creating a serene atmosphere.

Although there are twelve images of the Sun-God, the main image is missing. Long ago, the sun-worship was common in India. Only a few places retain the memory of that phase of India's vast past.



THE MOST PRECIOUS THING

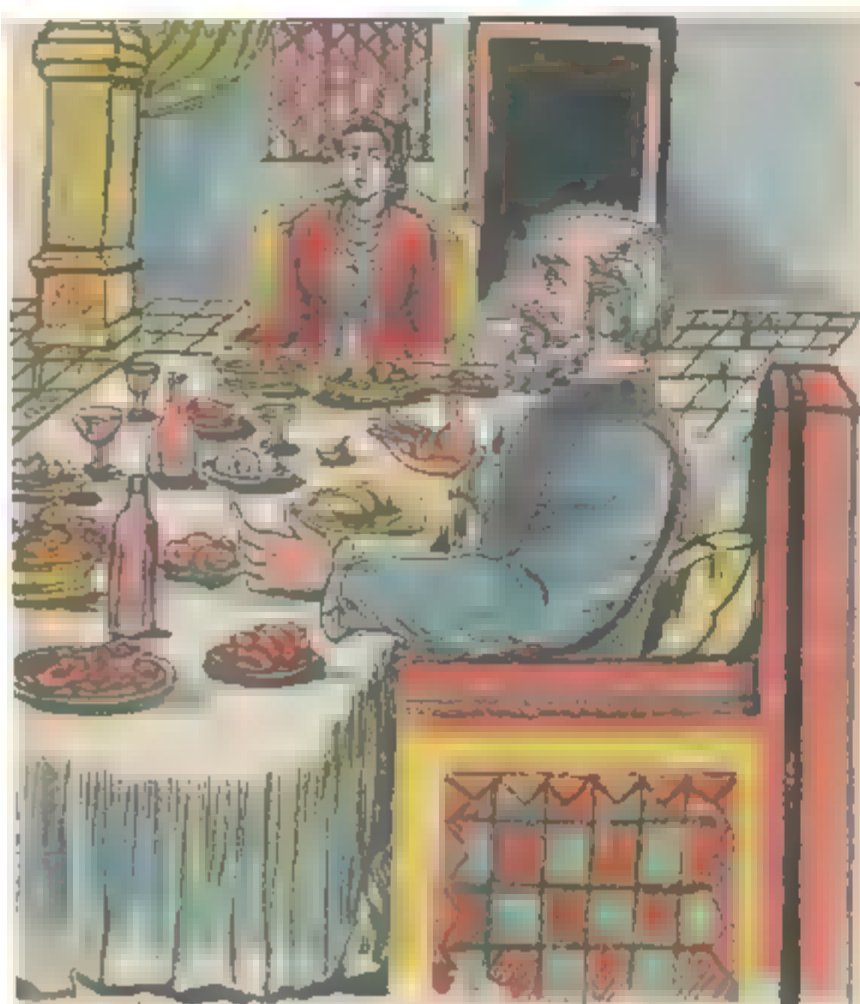
Sailors on their voyage point their fingers at a spot along the coast of Holland and say, "There lies under the waters a city which was called Stavoren. Hundreds of years ago it was a beautiful city."

If you ask them how the city got sunk, they will tell you this story:

In the city of Stavoren lived many merchants who carried on trade with distant lands and islands. The wealthiest among them was Richberta, a young

lady. Her father had died, leaving for her untold wealth and a well-organised business house. She grew richer day by day and she spent much of her wealth in acquiring the costliest gems, clothes, ivory and such rare items. Her palatial mansion was the greatest attraction in the city. Now and then she threw lavish banquets in honour of merchant-princes who visited her city. She did so not because she was generous, but because she was happy to see envy and jealousy in the eyes of her





guests! Indeed, no merchant could be proud of similar possessions, no one was known to sport such grandeur!

One day an old man sent word that he wanted to see Richberta. She was about to dismiss his request. What business could an ordinary and old fellow have with her? Why should she waste time on him? But her servant told her, "The old ■■■■ says that he has travelled all over the world. In many a city he has heard about your wealth from the merchants. He was curious about it."

Richberta felt happy — as she always was when someone was there to praise her collection. She

ordered the servant to bring the old man upstairs, to her presence. She asked two of her servants to escort him and show him all the chambers in her mansion.

Two hours later, the old man was brought back to Richberta's room.

"Are you satisfied with what you saw? There are, of course, several other chambers. If you have patience enough, you can take another round of my mansion," said the young heiress. "But you must be tired. Eat and relax."

In those days, in that part of the world, ■ casual guest was offered bread and a little salt. But before the old man was spread several delicious items, fit for the palate of the princes. He, however, did not touch them. He went on speaking about cities which were once magnificent but which had become deserted, castles which once housed proud princes but which had been reduced to haunted houses, so on and so forth.

Impatient, Richberta asked him, "Old man, I am not interested in your stories. Tell me, did my collection of precious things impress you?"

"No!" replied the old man. Richberta was shocked. She

had expected the old man to exclaim his praise of her wealth as every other visitor did. But how could he be so blunt?

"Why did my collection fail to impress you?" asked Richberta, fuming with annoyance.

"Because it lacks the most precious thing," replied the old man.

"What is that?" Richberta asked.

The old man avoided answering her question. Unable to bear his insolence, she asked her servants to throw the old man out at last.

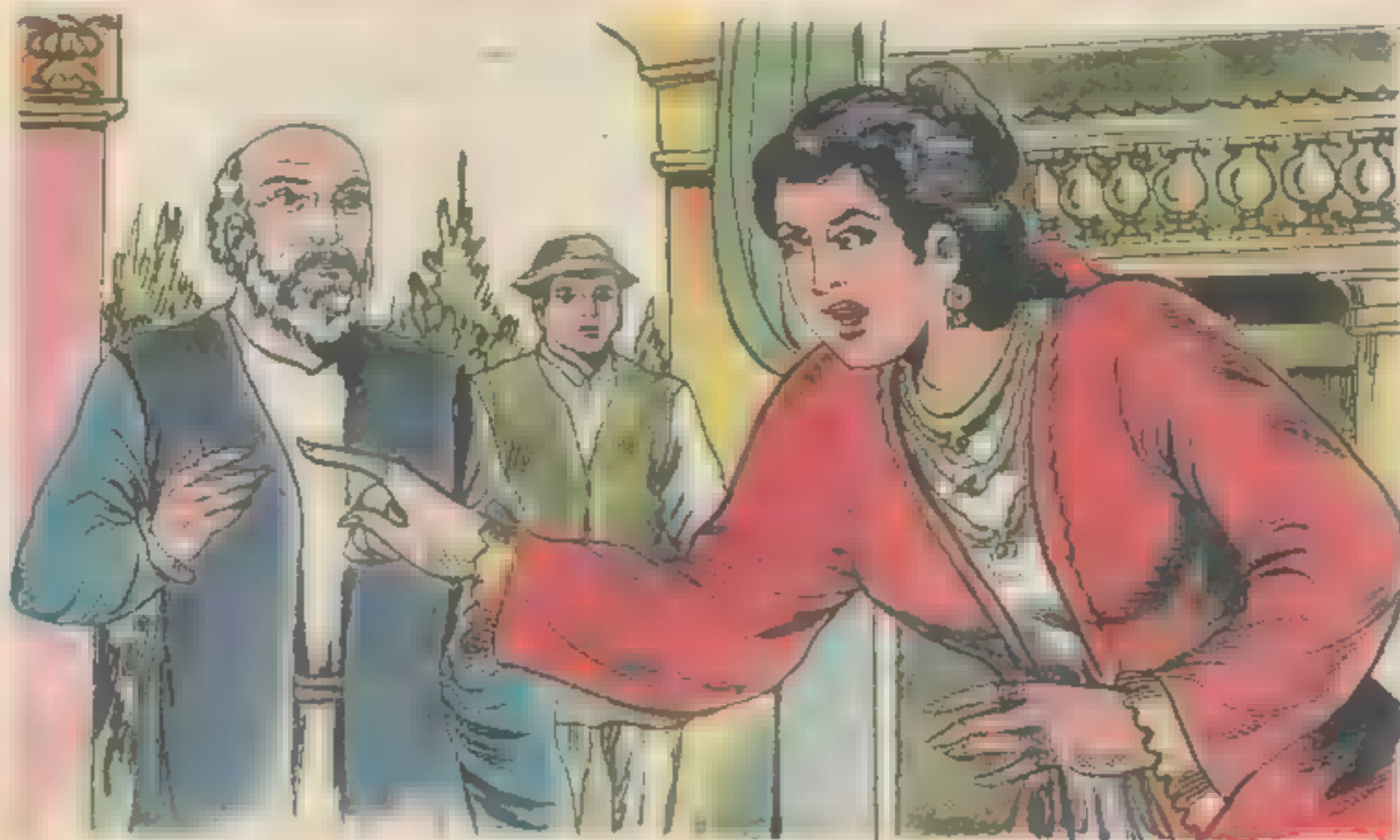
That was not necessary. The old man went out on his own,

quietly.

But he had destroyed Richberta's peace. What did she lack? She had diamonds more precious than those possessed by any king. Her wardrobes had clothes more glittering than any queen possessed. Her bedstead made of silver, gold and ivory could not be matched in its splendour with any bedstead in any royal household. What did she lack?

She went on putting the question to many people who were learned and who knew about the wealth of princes. Nobody could satisfy her.

She called the chief captain of





her fleet of ships and said, "Spread out to the wide world and find out what is more precious than all that I have!"

The captain sent three ships in three different directions, and himself went in the fourth direction. He had stocked his ship with food and other necessities to last his crew a long time. But on the third week of his voyage the ship encountered a terrible storm. He had to throw away much of the food in order to maintain the balance of the ship amidst a turbulent sea. When the storm subsided, it was found that the remaining food had been spoilt by the water that had come splashing

into the ship. Very soon he and his crew began to feel the pangs of hunger. There was no land in sight. They starved. They looked haggard — like the ghosts of themselves. One member of the crew died. Suddenly the captain cried out, "I would happily give away the ship and all the gold I have only if someone gave me some loaves of bread!"

Luckily, before long they sighted an island. They anchored their ship on its coast and the islanders helped them with food and drink. The captain exclaimed, "I have got the answer to the question which set me on the voyage. Bread is the most precious thing. The wealthy heiress, Richberta, has stored so many valuable things, in her mansion, but no wheat!"

Wheat of excellent quality was available in that island. The captain filled his ship with hundreds of bags of wheat and began his return voyage.

On reaching his native city of Stavoren the captain immediately reported to Richberta that he had not only found out what is the most precious thing, but also he has got it in plenty!

Richberta was excited. But when she heard what the captain

had brought, she was furious. "What! You want to pass on simple wheat — nothing but plain wheat — ■ the most precious thing!" she cried out and she ordered the wheat to be thrown into the sea.

"Listen to me. What I say is true. I had everything in my ship — gold and money. But I felt like giving away even the ship for the sake of a few loaves of bread. Was it not proved that bread was more precious than everything else? Your mansion is overflowing with everything, but the old man found no bread or wheat in it. That made him say that the mansion was lacking in the most precious thing," explained the captain.

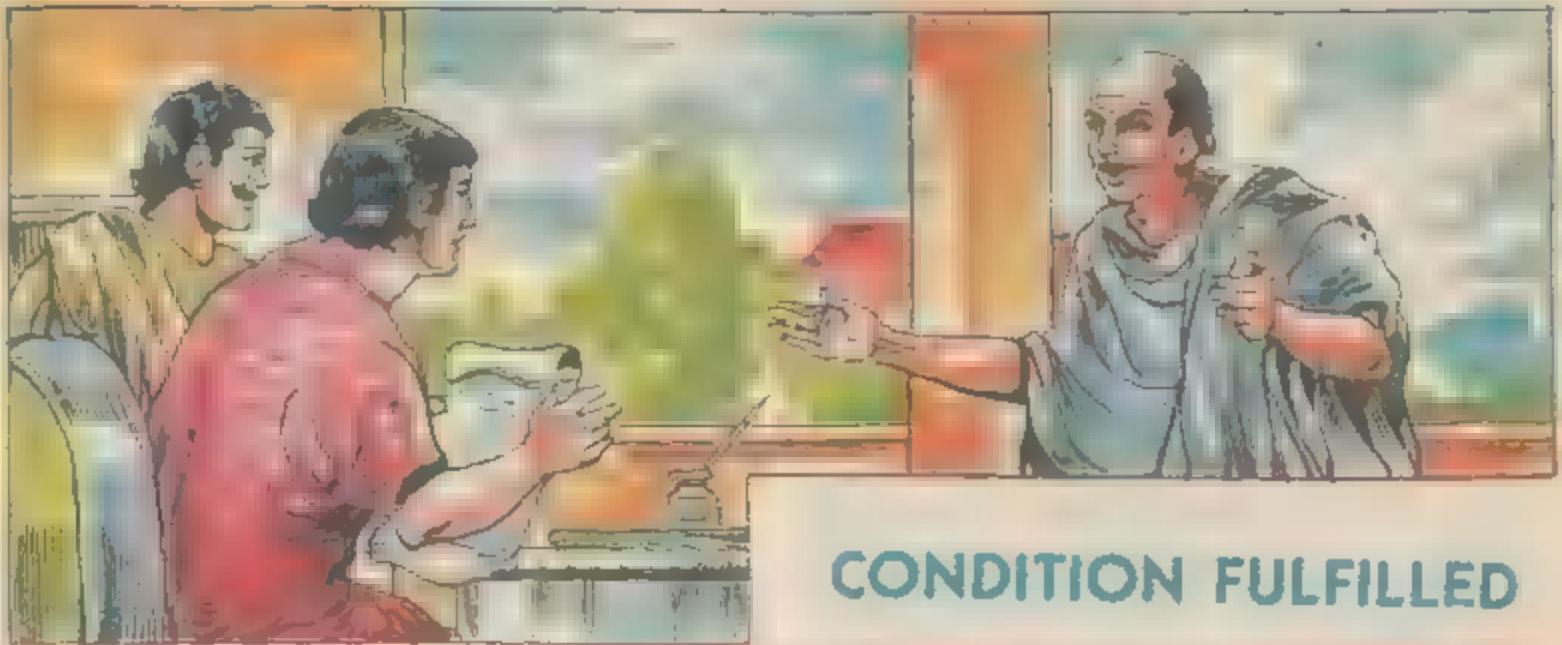
But the furious lady paid no attention to his explanation. She thundered out her order to destroy the wheat. The poor and miserable people of the city rush-

ed to her. "Please let us take away the wheat. Don't destroy it!" But Richberta was not moved. The wheat was thrown into the sea.

At night Richberta's three ships were returning to the shore. They dashed against the hidden mound of wheat and sank. Soon thereafter a few other ships also met the same fate. A rumour spread that Stavoren was a cursed city. Merchants avoided visiting its shore. In five years the city lost its glory. With her ships sunk, Richberta grew poor. Nobody had any sympathy for her. Nobody came to help her in her distress. She was last seen begging for a loaf of bread. She had realised what was more precious — diamond or bread!

People deserted the city when merchants did not come there and its prosperity was gone. One day ■ gigantic tidal wave struck the city and it went under water.





CONDITION FULFILLED

Lakshman Pradhan of the village Badripur was a well-to-do peasant. When he lay in his death-bed, he called his two sons, Ramesh and Harihar to his bedside and told them, "My boys, my instruction to you is, divide the property I'm leaving behind equally between you."

Pradhan breathed his last. His two sons performed his funeral ceremony in a fitting way. The brothers were most affectionate to each other. If, during the partition any protest was heard it was like this: "Brother, you are depriving yourself of the good lands!" said the younger brother Harihar. Sometimes the elder brother, Ramesh said, "Harihar, don't try to be unnecessarily kind to me. You must have the southern part of the house because I know you love more breeze."

Everything went on smoothly

until they came to divide the cattle between them. There were thirteen cows. How to divide the herd into equal number of cows? The two brothers were talking jokingly, "What a problem!"

Biju Mishra, ■ poor Brahmin of the village, was passing by. He overheard them. "I can solve the problem," he said smilingly.

"Can you? Very good. But you must not take out one cow and then say that it will be easy to divide the remaining twelve into two herds. Anybody can put forth that kind of ■ solution," said Ramesh.

"Very well. I will divide the cows equally between you without taking out any cow from the herd. But you must promise to give me ■ cow ■ my reward after I have solved the problem," said Biju.



"We agree," said Ramesh and Harihar.

"God bless you. Just a minute," said Biju and he went home and fetched a cow of his own. He let it mingle with the thirteen cows of the brothers. He then divided them into two herds with seven in each herd.

"Are the number of cows now

equal? Mark, I have divided them without taking out any cow. Now I take away my cow!" he said and took his cow out from one herd. "And now I take my reward," he said while taking the seventh cow from the other herd. Both the herds now had six cows each.

The brothers laughed and let Biju Mishra have his reward.



ONLY A SYNONYM

Sushila: In your bio-data you write that you ~~was~~ gifted with a heavenly voice. Who said so?

Sulochana: Well, my teacher said that my voice was unearthly. I only replaced it by a synonym.

THE DECORATED COW

Ramesh was very fond of decorating himself with new clothes, turban, slippers, staff etc. But he hardly ever worked. He was of no use to anybody.

One day his maternal uncle came to his house. Ramesh asked him immediately, "Uncle, what have you brought for me?"

"Ramesh, I have not brought anything for you, but if you come with me to my house, I will give you something," said the uncle. Ramesh accompanied him to his house. His uncle gave him a cow. The cow was gorgeously ornamented. "Take the cow to the market and sell it. You can spend according to your sweet will whatever money you get," said the uncle. "But do not hide from the people the one and only defect the cow has. It does not yield any milk," the uncle added.

Many people were attracted towards the cow. But when Ramesh told them about the cow's defect, nobody was willing to buy it. Some even laughed at Ramesh.

In the evening, when the market closed down, Ramesh returned to his uncle's house along with the cow.

"Ramesh, I know the situation. You need not explain your failure to me. A cow which does not serve any purpose but simply looks gorgeous, is of no value. Same is the case with human beings," said the uncle.

Ramesh understood what his uncle wanted to tell him.



IN SEARCH OF A JOB

Lalkumar had worked in the office only for a month, when he resigned his job.

"What's the matter? Wasn't that ■ good job? You had nothing much to do after all!" his friends who knew how lazy he was, asked him.

"It is true that there was not much work, but..."

"But?..."

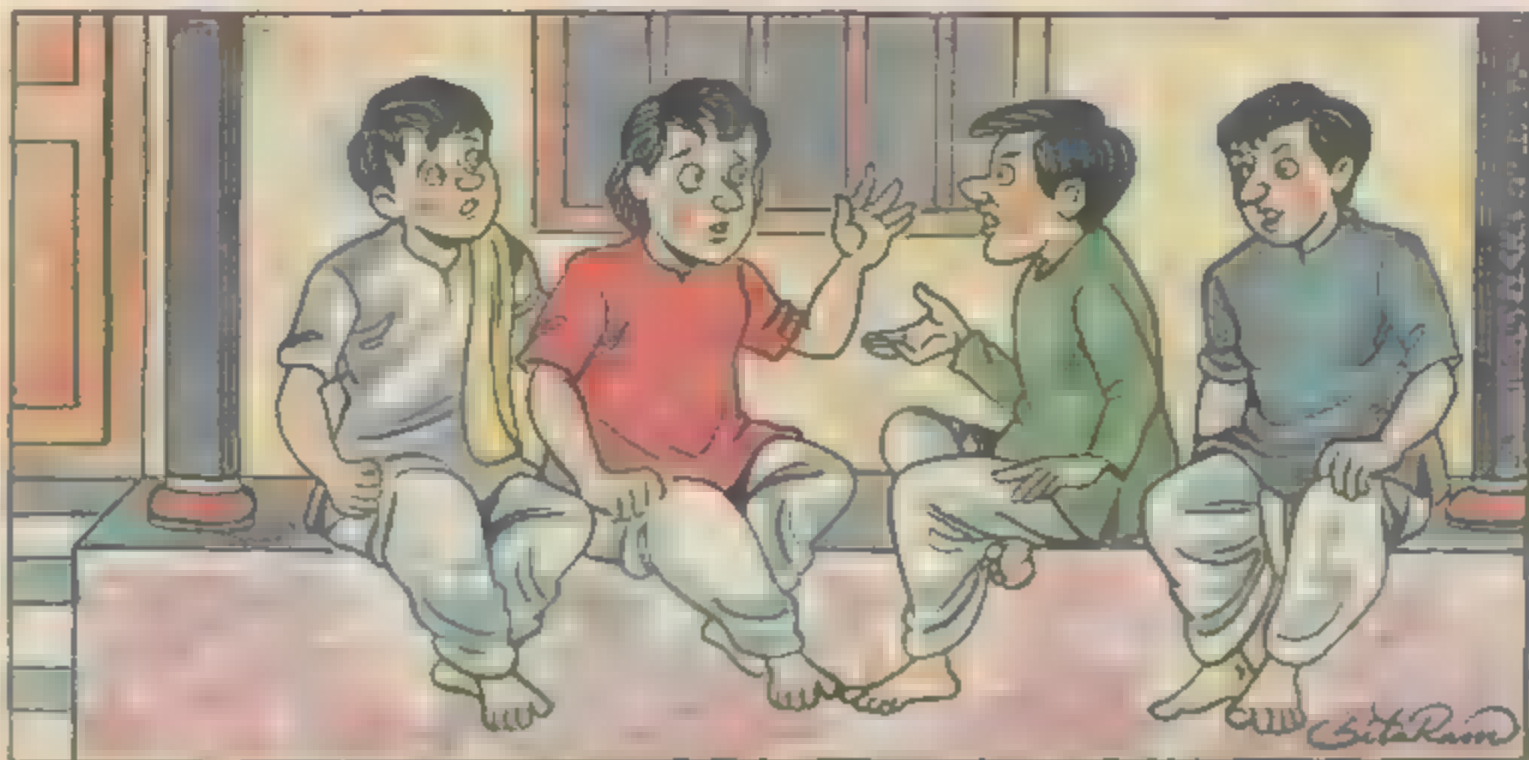
"There are officers who draw fatter salary than what they gave me!" Lalkumar complained.

It was no use explaining to him that the officers were more qualified than he and they were also senior to him.

His friends found him a job in a restaurant. He was to sit at the counter and collect money from the customers. The management was not to disclose to him that the manager received a salary higher than what he was to receive.

But after ■ week's work, Lalkumar reported to his friends that he had given up the work.

"What's the matter this time? There was no one in the restaurant who drew ■ higher salary than you! The manager drew ■■ much as you were to draw and the bearers and the cooks and the servants receive less than the salary



promised to you!" his friends observed with surprise.

"It is not a matter of how much I receive!" Lalkumar said.

"Then?"

"Well, is it not a torture to keep sitting and counting the coins while all the others were busy enjoying delicious dishes all around you?" explained Lalkumar.

His friends put him at a few other places, but he could not stick to them. By and by it became clear that Lalkumar was just envious of everybody. His friends and well-wishers did not know what to do with him. If he was not employed somewhere, he became a burden to them. He wasted much of their time too.

At last an opportunity came their way. The municipal corporation maintained a cemetery. They needed a watchman. He had nothing to do but simply be there

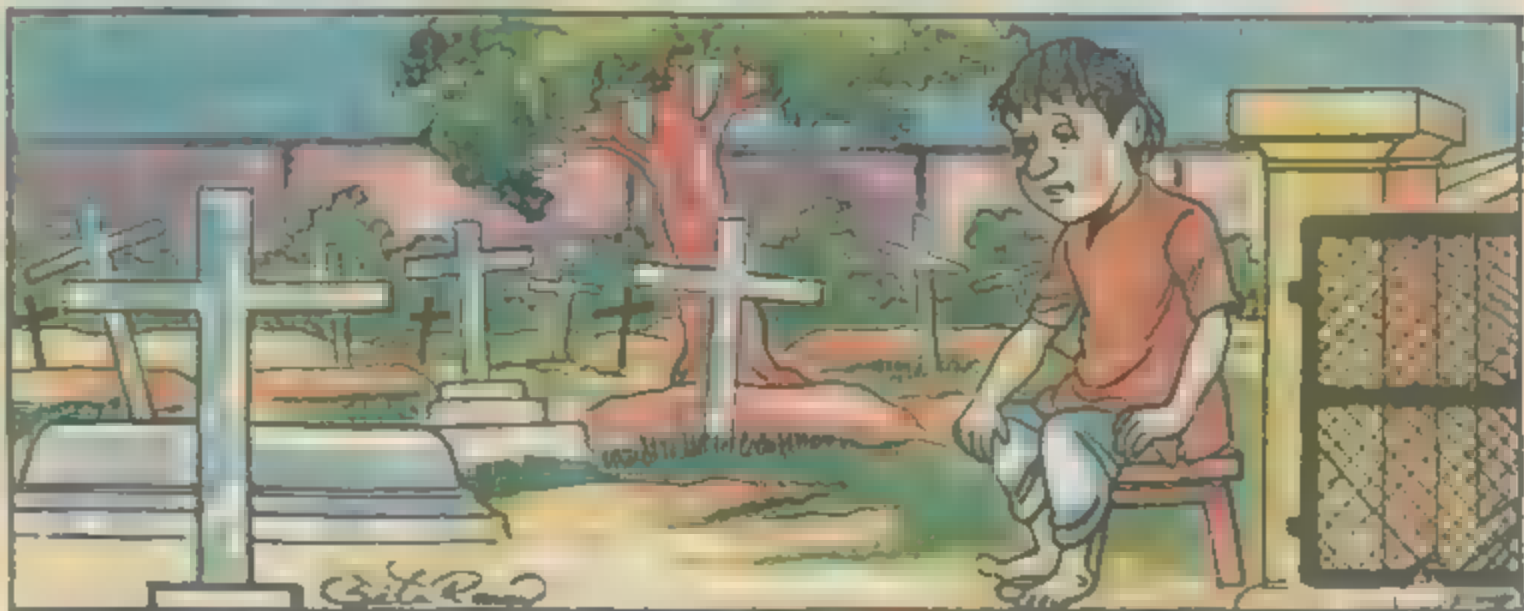
for the day. Another watchman would take over from him for the night.

"There is nobody alive there for Lalkumar to envy. All are lying dead. Lalkumar should be happy there, being the only one alive!" said a friend. Others jumped at the idea.

They secured the job for Lalkumar.

Fifteen days passed. One day Lalkumar was back amidst his friends. "I gave up the job," he declared.

"But why?" demanded his friends. "There is nobody in the silent cemetery to rival you in any way!" Lalkumar would not reply easily. After a lot of coaxing, he came out with his grievance, "You see, all in the cemetery are lying. Is it not a pity that I alone must stand or sit? What have I done to deserve this punishment?"





A LESSON ON THE WAY

Swarup was a petty shopkeeper. He owned a small grocery in the village. Once every week he paid a visit to the city and bought different items which he sold at a profit from his own shop. The city was not very far. Every Saturday a horse-drawn coach went to the city, starting from the neighbouring village. Swarup was one of the regular passengers for the coach.

But one day Swarup was a bit late in reaching the main road. He learnt from a farmer that the coach had already left. Swarup decided to walk to the city.

But after an hour's walk he was tired. He sat down under a tree. Soon a young man joined him there. He too was a trader. "We both are traders. The only difference between us is, you are going to buy things in the city whereas I am going to sell my

wares in the city!" said the young man as the two began a conversation.

"There is another vital difference between us, young man! You are young, I am aged. Don't you see how tired I feel even without any burden? But you walk smartly with a load on your head!" said Swarup.

"I can understand how tired you are. But don't you have any assistant?" asked the young man.

"I have one in my shop," replied Swarup.

"Why don't you send him to the city to buy the things you need?" asked the young man.

"Well, young man, such is the time that it is difficult to trust anybody!" replied Swarup.

"But we cannot live without trusting people!" observed the



young man.

"How do you say that? Here I am, living hale and hearty, without ever trusting anybody!" boasted Swarup.

"You must be trusting some people, sir, for example your wife and children!" said the young man.

"None, my boy, none!" said Swarup emphatically.

"Really? You have really enlightened me. Till today I was under the impression that it is impossible to survive without trusting some people. For the first time I met a person who lives without trusting anybody. You are my teacher. I must serve you!"

said the young man and he began to massage Swarup's tired legs.

"What is this? I don't deserve such services from you!" said Swarup.

"You do deserve, sir! In any case, you are tired and I am young enough to be your son. Why do you deprive me of this opportunity to bring some relief to you?" said the young man, continuing to massage Swarup's legs.

Swarup found great relief in the treatment. The young man knew the art of massage. Soon the young man began massaging his back and pressing his forehead. Swarup did not know when sleep overtook him.

He woke up when a monkey jumped from one branch of the tree to another. The young man was gone. What was shocking, his purse too was gone.

"What a cheat!" he screamed. But there was nobody to hear his cry. He ran in the direction of the city. He had gone but a furlong when he saw the young man relaxing on a rock. Swarup pounced upon him. "Where is my purse?" he demanded.

"Here it is," quietly answered the young man, handing over the purse to him.

"Then, why did you take it



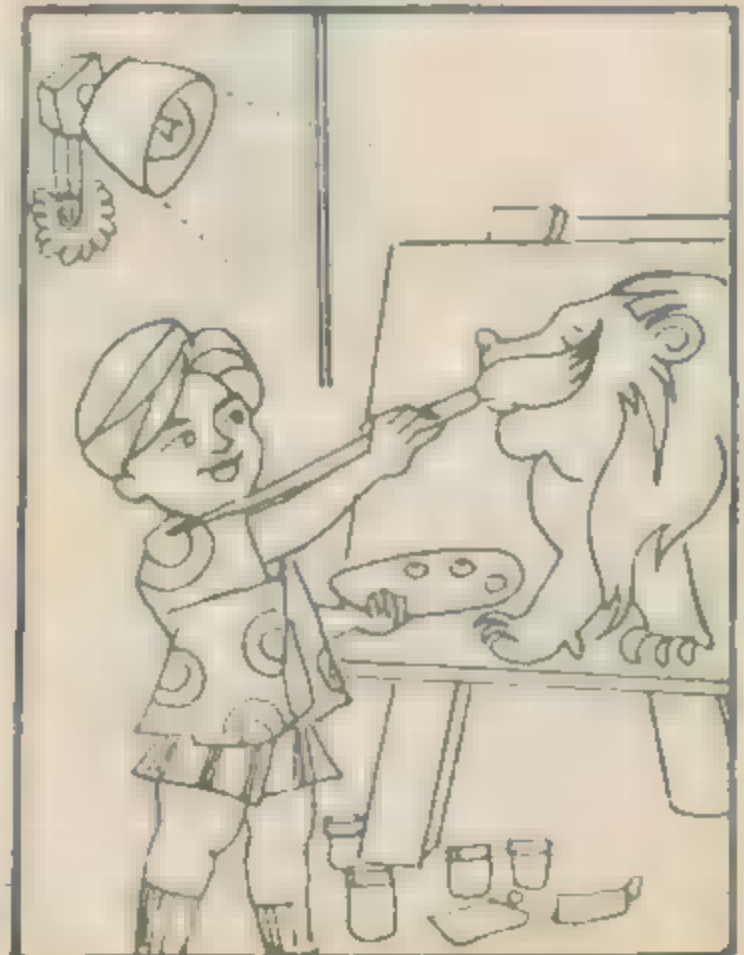
away?" asked Swarup.

"To prove to you that you cannot live without trusting people. I was a stranger; yet you trusted me ■■ much that you fell asleep in my presence. Gentleman, you don't know that we live by trust

— be we conscious of it or not!" said the young man.

Swarup nodded in appreciation of what the young man said. Both walked towards the city together. "You have enlightened me," Swarup admitted when at last they parted.

WONDER WITH COLOURS

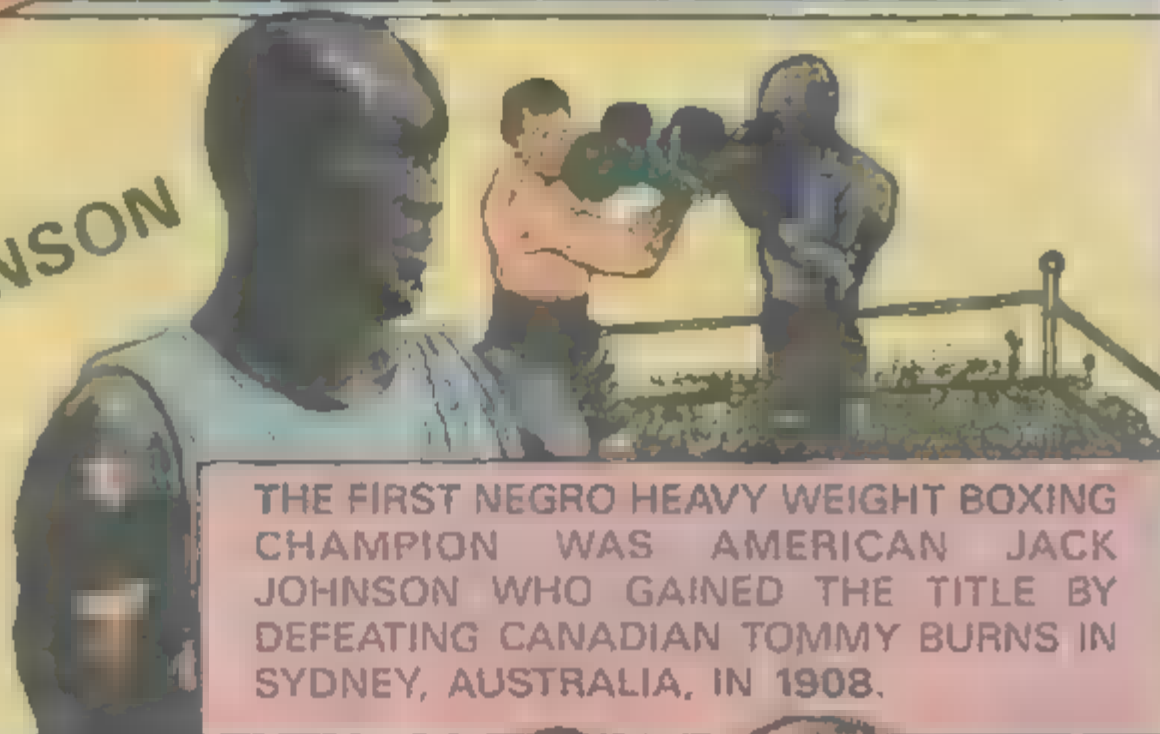


FIRST FRENCH RUGBY INTERNATIONAL

THE FIRST RUGBY INTERNATIONAL HELD IN FRANCE TOOK PLACE AT LEVALLOIS-PERRET WHEN THE LONDON TEAM, ROSSLYN PARK, PLAYED STADE FRANCAIS IN 1892.

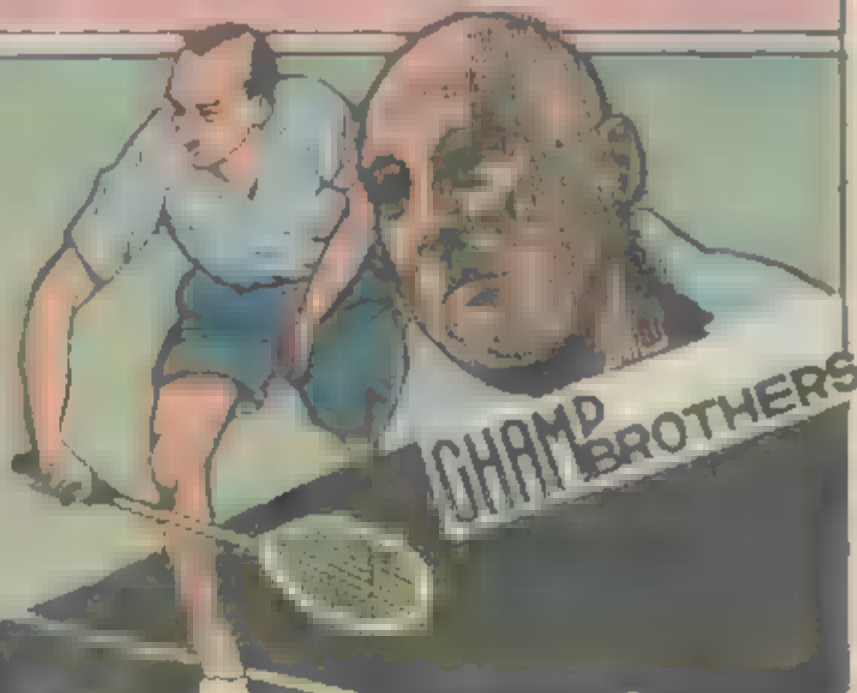


JACK JOHNSON



THE FIRST NEGRO HEAVY WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION WAS AMERICAN JACK JOHNSON WHO GAINED THE TITLE BY DEFEATING CANADIAN TOMMY BURNS IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, IN 1908.

HASHIM KHAN OF PAKISTAN WON THE OPEN SQUASH CHAMPIONSHIPS SEVEN TIMES AND HIS BROTHER, AZAM, WON IT FOUR 'TIMES.'



TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH FROM HISTORY



DARA SHUKOH

Dara Shukoh, the eldest son of Emperor Shah Jahan and Mumtaz Mahal, was born on the 23rd of March 1615. He was very dear to his father and he was one of the greatest scholars of his age. He believed that Truth was not the monopoly of any single religion. He studied Hinduism in great earnest and translated the Bhagavad Gita and a number of Upanishads into Persian.

He was with his father when, in 1657, the latter fell ill. He was expected to succeed his father to the throne. But the youngest son of Shah Jahan, Aurangzeb, instigated his other two brothers to rebel against him. Dara who was straightforward and honest, was betrayed even by such friends whom he had served with kindness. He was defeated in several battles by the enemies of his brothers. He decided to leave for Persia. On the way he took shelter in the house of one Jiwan Malik. Dara had once saved this man's life. But the fellow handed him over to Aurangzeb's agents. Aurangzeb passed him on to the Maulanas. They declared that he was an irreligious man and passed death sentence on him. He was beheaded on 30th of August 1659.

WHO IS HE?

A scholar, after years of travel across the country, returned to his native town named Pratisthana. He had collected hundreds of stories and now he wanted to read them out to his patron, the king. But the king did not show much interest in his reading. Quietly he left the court. At a lonely place, he began making a bonfire of his manuscripts. When the king heard this, he ran to stop him. But, by then, six out of the seven volumes of stories he had collected had gone up in flames. The seventh volume was saved. Originally written in a language which has disappeared, his work was later translated into Sanskrit.

Who is he?

See Page VIII

JOYS OF SCIENCE



Directions:-

Put a few drops of iodine on some cooking starch and observe the navy-blue or purple-black colour that is the result. This is an effective test for starch. When you know what to look for, put some iodine on a potato, a slice of bread, and other foods. Can you tell which ones contain starch? When the food is fresh like a raw potato, it may be necessary to wait until the starch has dried. Next, use iodine on a piece of notebook paper, a piece of newspaper, a sheet of ditto paper, and a piece of very glossy paper from a magazine.

STARCH TEST



What happens and why:

Potato, flour, and many foods made from flour (such as bread), as well as notebook and ditto paper, indicate the presence of starch. But newspaper and most very glossy paper will not. Newspaper has no filler used to make the paper smooth, whereas expensive glossy papers use a white clay filler. As you can see, the notebook and ditto paper contain a starch filler.

Some food can be detected by smell or taste. Can starch be detected this way? Why not try smelling and tasting some cornstarch?

Starch is changed to a simple sugar before it is digested, and saliva is one type of digestive juice. For this reason, pieces of starchy food that remain in a person's mouth for very long will change to sugar. If you place a piece of bread or a soda cracker in your mouth, it should taste a bit sweet in a few minutes. Does this happen to you?

You probably know that sugar helps cause problems with your teeth, so be certain to brush them afterwards!



WONDERS OF THE WORLD

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA

On the West Coast of Asia Minor was situated a prosperous city, Ephesus. The city became famous mainly because of a majestic temple that stood amidst it. It was dedicated to Diana. (In Greek, she was known as Artemis.) It is said that generations of people of Ephesus worked for 220 years to complete the temple. Unfortunately the Roman emperor Nero ransacked the temple and, in AD. 262, the Goths destroyed it.



GREAT EVENTS OF THE PAST

ALEXANDER'S PR

Alexander, the son of King Philip of Macedon, believed that he was really the son of one of the gods! He believed right from his childhood that he was destined to achieve things which nobody else had achieved.

His father also thought that his son was a very special child. It is because, the king won a great victory in a battle the day Alexander was born!

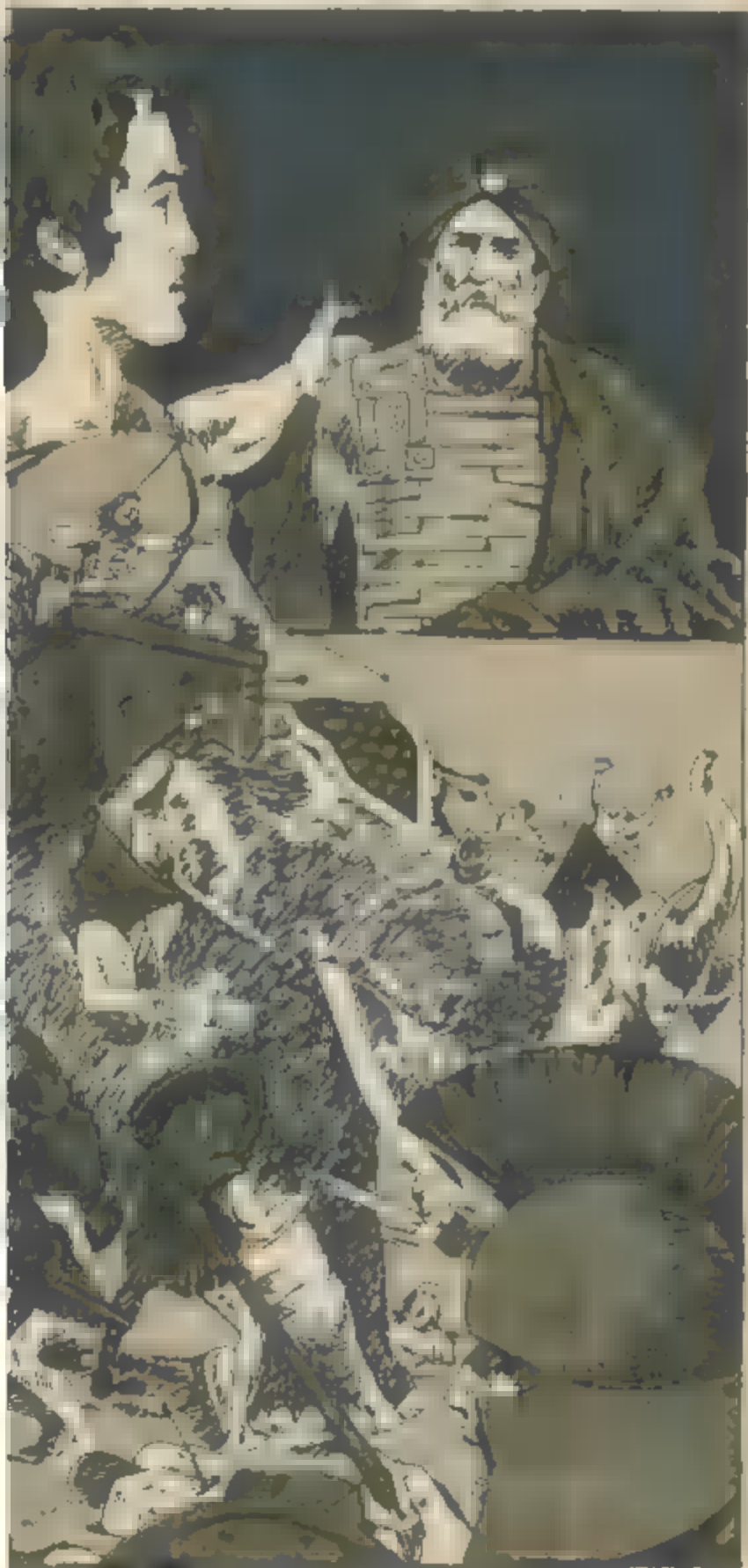
Alexander, luckily, was taught by a man who is acknowledged as one of the famous teachers of mankind. He was Aristotle. Alexander said, "My father gave me life; but Aristotle taught me how to live the life."

It is difficult to say if Aristotle taught Alexander to become a conqueror. But, certainly, Aristotle inspired in him the spirit of quest. Alexander tried to satisfy that spirit through conquests.

This was in the 4th century B.C. At that time Persia was a powerful country, ruled by a great king, Darius. Alexander vanquished him. Inspired by the victory, he led his army through several countries, conquering them one after another, until he entered India in



DE CHALLENGED



326 B.C.

He had never seen ■ greater civilisation than he now saw. The first king with whom he was getting ready to fight was the King of Taxila. But the King of Taxila received him with such shows of courtesy that he was deeply impressed. Many kings attended a reception given to Alexander, but one did not turn up. He was Puru, who ruled ■ kingdom on the other side of the river Jhelum. He challenged Alexander to a battle.

One stormy night, when Puru's army did not expect the enemy, Alexander's army crossed the river. Puru immediately mobilised his army to face the invader. In ■ fierce battle Puru fought on till most of his soldiers had died. Alexander was greatly impressed. At last the bleeding Puru was brought before him. "How do you wish to be treated?" asked Alexander. "Treat me, O Alexander, as a king should be treated!" "What more?" asked Alexander again. "What I have said includes everything!" replied Puru. Alexander was so happy that he restored to Puru his freedom. They became friends.

LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST



1. A young Indian offended Alexander the Great by the boldness of his speech. Who was he?
2. What dynasty did this young man found?
3. Who was his mentor and minister?
4. What is the name of the great book he wrote?
5. What is its speciality?
6. Who was the great physician who was patronised by Kaniska?
7. What is the name of the book he wrote?
8. Who founded the city of Calcutta?
9. What is the date that marked the beginning of the city?
10. What is the oldest institution of Calcutta?

See Page VIII

LET US TEST OUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What is the size of ■ new born Kangaroc?
2. Who composed an opera at the age of 4 which became a great success?
3. How much weight can an ant lift?
4. What does the term Orang Utan mean?
5. Which is the driest place on the earth?
6. How many earths could be contained in the size which the sun commands?
7. Where is to be found the heaviest meteorite that is known to have fallen on earth?
8. What would be the length of the tubes in both kidneys of a human being?
9. Does rain contain any vitamin?
10. Was December 25 celebrated ■ Christmas from the birth of Jesus?

See Page VIII



1. What is India's national award for creative writing?
2. What is the name of the organisation that gives it?
3. What are the other two sister-organisations?
4. Which Prime Minister of India was a renowned author?
5. What are his three major works?
6. When did Rabindranath Tagore receive the Nobel Prize for Literature?
7. What is the book that was responsible for his getting the prize?
8. Who was the Portuguese-Indian young poet who wrote lovely poems in English?
9. What is the famous book written by the great nationalist leader, Lokamanya Tilak?

See Page VIII

LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL THE INDIAN LANGUAGES

= HEART =

Assamese: *Hriday*; Bengali: *Hriday*; Gujarati: *Heyun, Hriday*;
Hindi: *Hriday, Dil*; Kannada: *Hridaya*; Kashmiri: *Dil*;
Malayalam: *Hridayam*; Marathi: *Hriday*; Oriya: *Hrudaya*;
Punjabi: *Hirada, Dil*; Sanskrit: *Hridaya*; Sindhi: *Dili, Hiyan*;
Tamil: *Idayam*; Telugu: *Gunde*; Urdu: *Dil, Jameer*.

DO YOU BELIEVE ?

1. That if parents are short-lived, the child also shall be short-lived?
2. That ice-creams have a cooling effect?
3. That dreams cannot be colourful?

OH, NO!

1. Research shows that the two are not related to each other so far as longevity is concerned.
2. Ice-creams are full of calories and the ultimate effect it produces is to heat the system.
3. They can be colourful.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Gunadhyā, the author of Brihat Katha which was later translated into Sanskrit by Somadeva and became famous as Katha-Sarit-Sagara.

ON HISTORY

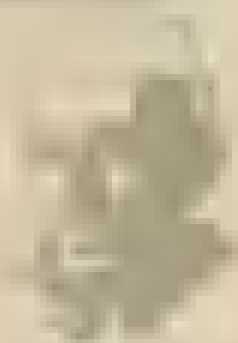
1. Chandragupta.
2. The Maurya Dynasty.
3. Kautilya or Chanakya.
4. Arthashastra.
5. It is the world's first systematic work on law and sociology.
6. Charaka.
7. Charaka-Samhita.
8. Job Charnock.
9. 24th August 1690.
10. The temple of Goddess Kali at Kalighat.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Three-quarters of an inch. But it remains in its mother's pouch until fully developed.
2. Mozart. The opera is Mithridates.
3. Fifty times its own weight!
4. Old man of the forest.
5. A place called Calame in Chile. In human memory, there has never been rain there.
6. More than one million earths.
7. In Africa. It weighs about sixty tons. It is known as the Hoba West Meteorite.
8. About 40 miles!
9. Yes. Vitamin B.
10. No. Only from A.D. 440

LITERATURE

1. The Sahitya Akademi Award.
2. The Sahitya Akademi.
3. The Sangeet-Natak Akademi and the Lalit Kala Akademi
4. Jawaharlal Nehru.
5. *The Discovery of India; Glimpses of World History and An Autobiography.*
6. In 1913.
7. *Geetanjali.*
8. Henry Derozio.
9. *Geeta Rahasya.*



Nature's Nightmare

THE ATLANTIC GIANT SQUID IS THE HEAVIEST OF ALL IN-VERTEBRATE ANIMALS. THE LARGEST RECORDED SPECIMEN MEASURED 55 FT. (16.76 M) AND WEIGHED ABOUT 2 TONS. BUT THERE ARE BELIEVED TO BE SQUIDS MUCH LARGER THAN THIS. AN UNSUBSTANTIATED SIGHTING CLAIMS A MEASUREMENT AS MUCH AS 175 FT (60.9 M)! THE GIANT SQUID HAS THE LARGEST EYEBALL OF ANY KNOWN ANIMAL – LIVING OR EXTINCT. ONE MEASURED 15 INCHES ACROSS (400 MM) – ALMOST TWICE AS LARGE IN VOLUME AS A FOOTBALL! IT ALSO HAS THE LONGEST NERVE FIBRES OF ANY KNOWN ANIMAL – 500 TIMES THICKER THAN HUMAN NERVES.

THE NATURAL ENEMY OF THE GIANT SQUID IS THE SPERM WHALE. WHALES HAVE BEEN FOUND WITH ROUND SCARS 18 INCHES ACROSS CAUSED BY THE SUCKERS OF SQUIDS.



A FEAST FOR THE FOX

The sun was burning overhead. Kullan, the fox ~~was~~ very hungry. For the past two days, he hadn't eaten at all. When he crept into a farmyard in the village to carry a fat hen away, the farmer's dogs chased him right into the forest. He felt as if his tummy had a big hollow in it! Kullan couldn't bear his hunger any more. He approached the village, stealthily, once again.

He met Vallan, a farmer's cat. Vallan was a big grey creature who

never went hungry. He always found his way to the best kind of food. When he saw Kullan the fox looking so downcast, he had to ask him, "What's the matter, Kullan dear?" Kullan moaned out, "Don't ask me anything before telling me where I can find some food. I feel like gobbling up anything reasonably soft!"

Anything reasonably soft? That ~~was~~ not a happy thing for Vallan to hear! He looked at Kullan, his mouth did look so big and his



stomach so emaciated! "Is that all? Come brother Kullan. I'll find you food. Why didn't you tell me this before."

Kullan and Vallan crossed the green paddy fields and walked till they reached the temple on the hill. Kullan was puzzled, "Why have you brought me here?" he asked. Vallan pointed to a hole in the wall of the temple and said, "If we go inside, we'll find enough food for both of us." Kullan and Vallan pushed themselves through the hole and there, in a cabin close to the deity, lay a large bowl of *payasam* made of milk, rice, sugar and ghee. Kullan the fox's eyes grew round with wonder and joy. He at

once began gulping the food, without even thanking the cat.

"My friend," said the cat, "Eat till your hunger is satisfied, but stop thereafter."

The fox did not feel it necessary to give even a nod to the suggestion. He went on with his job very fast.

"Brother Kullan, leave a little for me — just a little," appealed the cat. But Kullan lifted his head only when the bowl was as empty as it could be.

Kullan belched and said, "Mmm... it was delicious." "All right, let me hurry back now," said Vallan with a sigh. Both went near



the hole. Vallan went out through it, but Kullan could not. He had stuffed himself too full and was too big for the narrow hole.

"Vallan, dear brother, what do I do now?"

"What but wait till you digest your food!" replied Vallan from the other end of the hole. "I must go away now. I must eat something, somewhere."

Kullan went into an adjoining cabin. There was a comfortable bed. He went to sleep.

The temple priest finished his bath and came in to find all the *payasam* vanished! He was shocked. Could the deity have eaten his *payasam*? Why should He? It was to be offered to Him after all! Carrying the empty bowl in his hands, he hurried to the village headman.

People gathered in front of the

temple and discussed the mystery. Many theories were put forward and debated.

Kullan was still fast asleep. In the not-too-distant forest the foxes began howling. Kullan woke up. He forgot where he was and burst into a loud howl. The temple priest, the village headman and a few other villagers rushed into the room. "Here is the culprit — the thief of the deity's food!" cried out the headman. The villagers picked up sticks and hurried inside and beat up poor Kullan. They then dragged him out and hurled him away.

It took Kullan many days to recover his strength. "I should have eaten less and let Vallan have his share!" he told himself, but never again showed his face to the cat.

— ANITA NAIR





New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire

A REPORT ON THE PRINCE

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, ■■■ you sure that the man who has advised you to undertake this difficult task is a wise man? Sometimes it becomes difficult even for the wise to know who is wise and who is foolish. Let ■■■ narrate ■■■ incident to you to drive home my point. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: The kingdom of Sukanti was ruled by King Kanti Verma. He had two queens. Vijay, the son of the



senior queen, was loved by all, because he was as intelligent as he was kind and courteous. He also studied very well.

But his younger brother Ajay, the son of the second queen, was not interested in studies. He was also boorish and rude. His mother had been too indulgent to him to observe the defects in his nature.

One day the younger queen asked the king privately, "What is your impression of Ajay? Is he not a fine, smart and witty boy?"

"It is our bad luck that Ajay is foolish. At the same time it is our good luck that he is our younger son. Had he been our first son, he would have caused us great

worry, for he would then be required to succeed me to the throne!" said the king bluntly.

The junior queen drew a heavy face. "I don't think that your observations on Ajay are correct. I admit that I have pampered him too much and that is why the boy has neglected to learn his lessons properly. But with a good teacher to guide him, I am sure, he will prove more promising than Vijay."

The king grew thoughtful. He then said, "Between the forest and the river is situated the Gurukul Ashram of Sage Divyananda. He is a great teacher. I know that even quite dull-headed boys come out of his school as refined scholars."

"Is that so? Why not leave Ajay under his care?" said the younger queen.

The king said gravely, "That can be done, but the problem is, the rules and regulations followed in the sage's school are very strict. All the pupils are served with the same kind of food. They have to work hard. That is why what to speak of us, even the wealthy and the noblemen of our land feel reluctant to send their children there."

"What is to be done then?" asked the younger queen.

"Well, if we have to make a last

effort to educate the boy, we have to leave him there!" said the king. Soon he arranged to send not only Ajay but also Vijay to the Ashram of Sage Divyananda.

Two months passed. One day the king paid a sudden visit to the Ashram along with his two queens. Ajay who was playing in front of the Ashram came running to him, clapping his hands.

"How are you, my boy?" asked the king.

"Fine. The guru is very wise. That is why he recognises wisdom in others. He gives special lessons, separating me from the other students. I finished reading in a month what should normally take a full year for other students to finish. In the second month itself the Guru taught me the Puranas whereas other students learn the Puranas only in the second year of their studentship," Ajay replied sportively.

"You seem to have performed an astonishing feat. But do you like the food here?" asked the younger queen.

"Do you think I am treated like the other boys? Didn't I tell you that the guru found me to be very special? He has made special food arrangements for me," said Ajay.



"Will you tell us something from what you have learnt?" asked the senior queen.

Ajay at once began to narrate stories from the Puranas. Each of the stories pointed at the difference between the wise and the foolish and showed the plight of the fools.

Soon Prince Vijay heard about the visit of his parents. He came and bowed to the king and the queens and stood in silence.

"My boy, why do you look so pensive? I'm sure you don't like the food and the lodging arrangements here!" remarked the king.

"Father, to be frank, I have

never given a thought to such issues. After coming here I realised how vast is the scope of knowledge. I am trying to make the best use of time here. I was quite absorbed in a certain book when the good news of your arrival reached me. I might have looked absent-minded," humbly replied Vijay.

The king and the queens then went to meet Sage Divyananda. It was already playtime for the Ashram boys. The king asked his sons to join the other boys at play and then asked the sage, "Sir, what is your impression of my sons?"

"Your Highness, Prince Vijay is

highly talented. He is also endowed with a sound conscience. I suggest that he be allowed to study here in the Ashram for two years. That will benefit the whole kingdom," replied the sage.

"What about Ajay?" the younger queen asked anxiously.

"Ajay is an exceptional boy. He possesses an absolutely clean mind. What is more, the mind is fortified extremely well. Nobody can invade it. Well, it is not necessary for me to impart lessons to him. You can take him to the palace forthwith," said the sage.

"How fine, how fine!" exclaimed the younger queen, all smiles. But the king looked grave.



However, he told the sage a little later, "I thank you for your counsel." They returned to the palace bringing Ajay along with them.

The Vampire paused for a moment. Then he asked King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, I wonder if you can resolve some of my doubts. Why did the king decide to send Vijay to the Ashram school along with Ajay? Vijay did not need any special attention! Again, why did the sage ask the king to take Ajay away after praising him so much? Did he fear that Ajay may surpass Vijay, the future king, in learning? Why had he made special ar-

rangements to make Ajay comfortable? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "The king acted most wisely. He sent Vijay along with Ajay so that Ajay should not feel that he was inefficient and that is why needed special attention. But it was a good decision because it was seen that Vijay profited much by coming over to the Ashram school. About your second question, let me tell you that the sage never praised Ajay. It would have been against the norms of behaviour to





refer to a prince as a fool and an arrogant chap, that too before the king. That is why the sage used euphemistic language. When he said that Ajay's mind was clean, what he meant was that it contained no intelligence, no substance. When he said that it was fortified and cannot be invaded, what he meant was that being proud, Ajay would not want to learn anything. When he said that it was not necessary to impart any education to Ajay, what he meant was, it was not possible to educate

him. He had tried to make Ajay comfortable because the boy had no interest about the food he got there! The sage had tried his best to educate him. The reason he had told him the Puranic stories about fools was to make him conscious about his own foolishness. But it had resulted in Ajay feeling more proud."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



THE CRASH COURSE

Policeman: This is the second crash you had in a week. Why?

Driver: You see, I went through a crash course in driving!



THE QUESTION THAT WAS NOT ANSWERED

Vijay Chowdhury of Haripur called his grandson Sukumar and said, "So, young man, you have decided to condemn myself and your grandma to a dreary, cheerless life, have you?"

Sukumar was taken aback. "What do you mean, Grandpa? I certainly don't want you to suffer on any account! I wish you a long and cheerful life!" he said.

"Where is the tonic for that?" asked the grandfather.

"Well, next week I should be in the town. I will visit the most eminent physician and obtain some good tonic from him!" said Sukumar.

"I expected you to be more intelligent, Sukumar! I could have asked anyone to fetch a tonic for us. Why should I charge you?" asked the grandfather, gravely.

Sukumar stood thoughtful.

The grandmother who kept

silent till then, spoke out, "Don't you understand, Sukumar? The kind of tonic we need cannot be obtained from any physician. That can only come from the smiles and blabberings of our great-grandchildren. To make that available to us, you must make up your mind to marry."

Sukumar heaved a sigh of relief. Feigning to be very grave, he said, "Do you know the problem in that direction, granny? I am yet to meet a girl who can match you in wit and wisdom. How can I marry someone who cannot qualify to be a great-granddaughter-in law of yours? But such a girl is just not found!" said Sukumar.

"Such a girl can be found my boy!"

This sounded to be the voice of a stranger. But when he came in, he was found to be no stranger,



but Chowdhury's dearest friend, Sumant Roy. He lived in the suburbs of the town, twenty miles away from Haripur.

Vijay Chowdhury and Sumant Roy hugged each other. Roy said in a complaining voice, "Vijay, I was expecting you in my house. You never came, thereby obliging me to come!"

"But I took it for granted that it was for you to pay a visit to me! I think that is what we decided when we met last in the town! In fact, I expected you last month. You are already late by a full month!" protested Chowdhury.

"I should have come last month. But my son, daughter-in-

law returned from Rangoon last month. I was naturally busy with them," explained Roy.

"Are they back? How wonderful! They returned home after ten or eleven years! Very well, they must pay us a visit. Next week we are going to hold the spring festival before our village temple. They will enjoy it, I am sure," said Chowdhury. Turning to Sukumar, he said, "You must accompany Sumant to his house and invite all of them on my behalf. Right?"

Roy spent two days with his friend and then left for his home. Sukumar accompanied him. Talking about his grandchildren, Roy told Sukumar on the way, "I am just fascinated by my granddaughter Lavanya. How clever and wise she has grown in ten years! I must say that I have never met a girl who can equal her in intelligence and conscience."

As soon as they reached home, Roy introduced Sukumar to his son's family and then told Lavanya, "Look here, my child, I claimed before Sukumar that you are the most intelligent and conscientious girl I have ever known. I hope, you will not let me down."

Lavanya blushed. Sukumar had seen Lavanya ten years ago. She was then a sweet little cherub.

Sukumar used to play with her and she used to be quite amused. It did not take long for him to renew the old spirit of familiarity with her. "Well Lavanya can you bring me some water which has neither been poured into a container nor been taken out of it — and the water that has never been seen by anybody?"

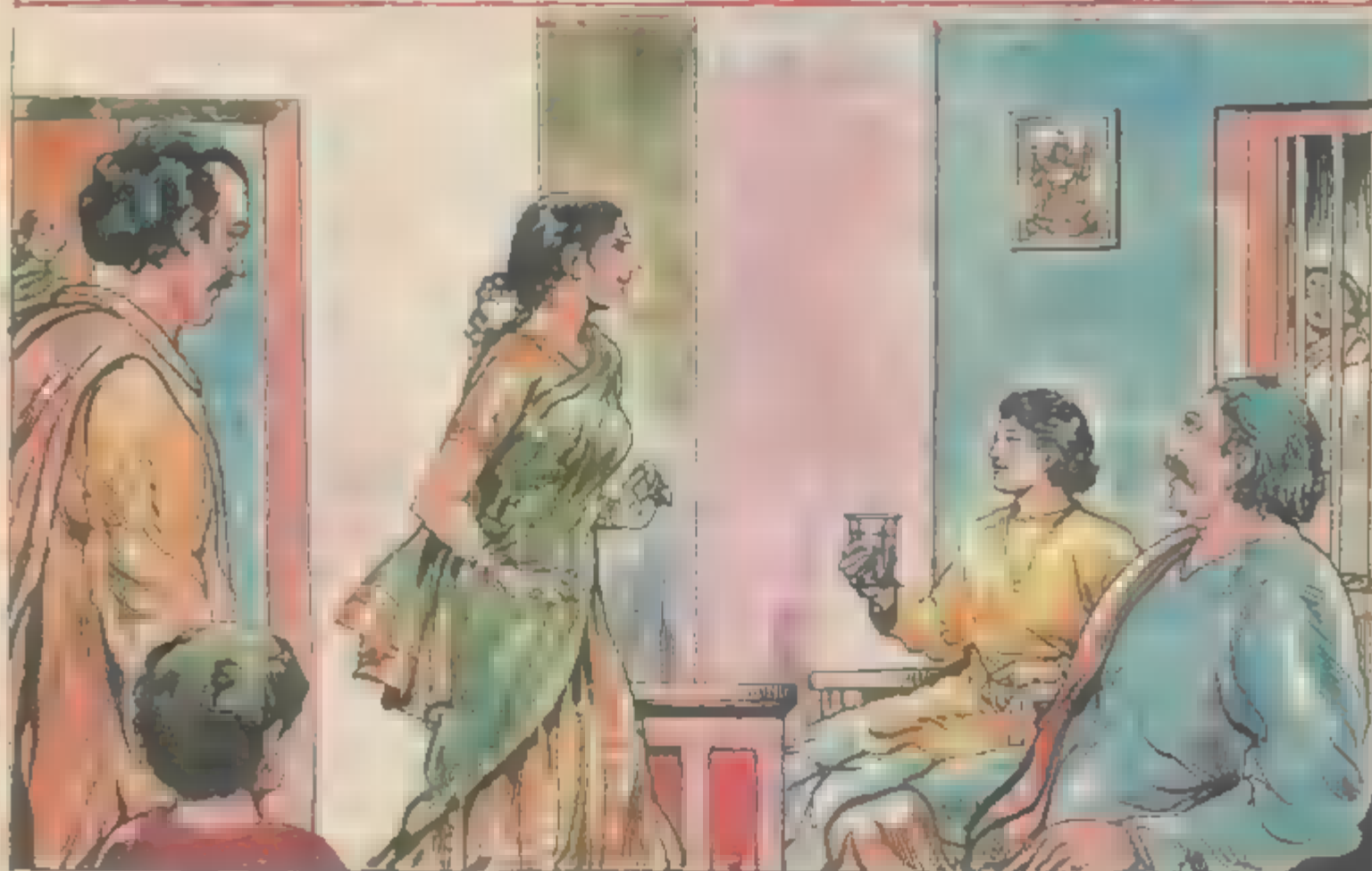
"I hope, I can!" said Lavanya quietly and went away. She returned in a few minutes with a tender coconut, its top chopped. "Will it do if the water is poured out and seen by others now?" "Oh yes," Sukumar responded with joy. Lavanya poured the coconut water into a glass and handed it over to Sukumar.

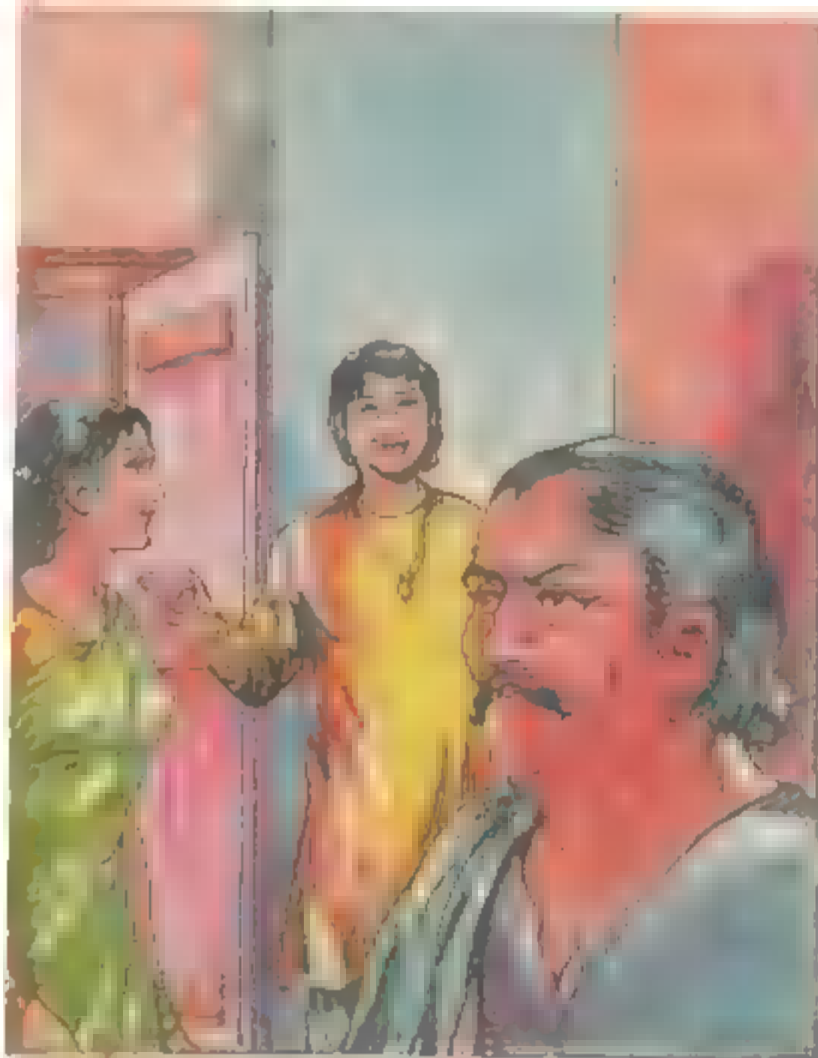
"Lavanya, can you tell me about five things without the first of which I could not have come here and without the second of which we would not look so clean? The third and fourth of them keep us alive, but intimacy between them will destroy us. The fifth item in the list is infinite. Do you know what they are?" asked Sukumar.

"I know!" said Lavanya, but, on second thought she said, lowering her voice, "No, perhaps I don't know!"

"Never mind!" Sukumar said in the way of consoling her.

Next day, before Sukumar left





for Haripur, Roy patted him on the back and asked, when there was nobody nearby, "So, we must look for a bride for you far and near, shouldn't we?"

"Where is the need look for...?" mumbled out Sukumar.

Roy laughed and said, "When she is so near, is that right. I then take it that we can proceed to fix the date for the auspicious event!"

Sukumar nodded his consent.

The wedding took place with due pomp and show. One day Sukumar asked Lavanya, "Do you remember the day we met after ten years? To the question put by me, you first said that you knew the answer, but after a moment

you said that you did not know. Why?"

"I knew the answer. The five things you referred to are the five elements in our body and in Nature. You could not have come to our house without the earth. That is to say, your vehicle ran on the ground. The second element is water. We would be unclean without that. The third and fourth are air and fire. We live on them, but if they grow intimate or come together, there may be havoc. The fifth element, the sky, is infinite indeed!" said Lavanya.

"But why did you feign ignorance of the answer?" asked Sukumar.

"First of all, I did not like to create the impression as if I knew a lot of things! Secondly, I thought it right to give you a chance...." Lavanya stopped.

"Chance? What chance?" Sukumar became curious.

"I guessed that Grandpa wanted us to marry. In case you did not like to marry me, you could always say that I failed to answer your question and that is why you were not prepared to marry me!" explained Lavanya.

Sukumar realised how conscientious Lavanya really was!



A folktale from Japan

LUCK FROM THE SKY

Long ago in a certain village lived a very truthful and honest man. All the villagers loved him, but there was one wicked fellow who did not love anybody and so far as the good man was concerned, he hated him. He did not like the idea of someone being so good and truthful.

One day the wicked man saw the good man walking absent-mindedly. "It seems you are dreaming!" the wicked man commented.

"Dreaming? No. I was just thinking about the dream I dreamt at night. I heard someone say that good luck will descend on me from the sky!" said the good man.

"Is that so? I heard a voice in my dream announcing to me that my good luck will emerge from the earth!" said the wicked man,

laughing.

In the afternoon the good man was working in his field when his spade struck something solid. He found a buried pot full of gold coins. "This is good luck all right, but cannot be mine. My good luck is to come down from the sky. This must be the other dreamer's good luck," he thought. In the evening he met the wicked man and told him about his discovery. "Though it is my field, the good luck must be yours. You may bring the treasure home," he said.

The wicked man was happy. He did not wish others to see the treasure. So, he waited till it was midnight. He then went out and located the pot. But looking into it in the moonlight, he stood aghast. It was full of snakes.

"So, the fellow wanted to laugh



at my cost!" he said angrily. He shut the pot and carried it to the good man's house. He used a ladder and climbed to the roof of his house. Through the chimney he emptied the pot and ran away.

The sound of jingling coins woke up the good man and his wife. "Did I not say that my luck

will come from the sky?" he told his wife. And he told all the villagers about it in the morning. All were happy.

All but one! The wicked man was most unhappy. How on earth could snakes change into coins? He could not understand it.

PROBLEM WITH TEN

Teacher: How much is five plus five!

Mintoo: Could it be nine?

Teacher: You bungled! It is ten.

Mintoo: Are you sure you haven't bungled? Didn't you tell me yesterday that six plus four was ten?





SAGA OF NEHRU (5)

Jawaharlal's mother and wife took ill in 1920. He took them to Mussoorie. Some Afghans were staying in the hotel in which the Nehrus stayed. The British magistrate asked Jawaharlal to give an undertaking that he would not talk to them, because they were hostile to the British.

Jawaharlal refused to give any such undertaking, though he had no intention of talking to the Afghans. As a result he was ordered to leave the district of Dehra Dun. Leaving his mother and wife behind, he left for Allahabad. There, one day he saw a procession of peasants.



They came from Pantnagar district to tell their woes and sufferings to the people in the city. The moment Jawaharlal met them, they insisted that he come to the rural area to see their condition.

Jawaharlal went deep into the villages and for the first time **gained** a direct knowledge of the poverty and exploitation amidst which the poor **peasants** lived. The Taluqadars or petty landlords took away almost everything they raised by their labour.



In January 1921 peasant-leaders of **the** **area** **were** arrested. Thousands of peasants rushed to rescue them. Jawaharlal proceeded to the spot, but was stopped by the police **on** a bridge leading **to** the town.

Had Jawaharlal been allowed to proceed, he could have pacified the crowd and asked them **to** disperse. But while he was stopped the mob became restless. The police opened fire, killing many.



Soon thereafter, the house of a Taluqadar was looted by peasants. Actually, the peasants had been told by the enemies of the Taluqadar that Gandhiji wanted them to do this. The innocent peasants were thus misled and cried out "Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai" while looting!



When Jawaharlal got the news, he was very upset and angry. Such events harmed the image of the Congress. He went to the village. Thousands of people gathered to hear him within a short period.

Jawaharlal told the peasants that what they had done was shameful. In an inspired mood, he wanted those who had looted the Taluqadar's house to raise their hands. Strangely, though there were police officials present, two dozen hands went up.





This gave the police a chance to arrest not only those who had confessed to the looting, but also their friends and relatives, numbering a thousand! The trial went on nearly for a year and the accused were jailed for long years.

Later Jawaharlal felt very sorry for having exposed the innocent and simple folk to the police brutality. But it also showed him how honest, truthful and courageous the peasants could be.



However, such organised meetings by the peasants, which were a new development, compelled the government to come out with some new laws. The peasants could not be thrown out of the lands they tilled as easily as the landlords did to them beforehand.

— To Continue



THE STRANGE PASTE

Viswanath Acharya of Chinacherry was a renowned physician. He had collected a large number of palm-leaf manuscripts on the ancient science of Ayurveda.

It was by chance that he found a manuscript on a different subject, mixed up with the manuscripts on Ayurveda. It described some of the secret sciences. Among them was the way to see treasures buried under the earth.

The physician had with him all the ingredients necessary to develop the special sight. The book said that one should apply a paste made out of the ingredients to one's eyes at the time of sunset, on a Saturday which leads to a moonless night. Out of curiosity, Acharya prepared the paste. He applied it to his eyes one evening on the right day and step-

ped out of his house.

It was an hour when the village road was more or less empty. He walked slowly, surveying the grounds before him and at his sides. He did not see anything apart from what was visible on the ground — houses, trees, bushes, bullocks, so on and so forth. He was losing faith on the magic of the paste he had applied to his eyes when he reached the foreyard of the village temple. Suddenly he saw several coins buried under the sands. They had fallen from the crowds of devotees or from the purses of the traders who opened shops on the ground during festivals.

But, of course, he did not care to dig the sands to collect the coins. He was happy to know that the magic worked. He came out to the open fields outside the village. At once his eyes were at-



tracted to a buried chest containing gold!

The land in which the chest lay buried belonged to a big landlord. It was already evening. Acharya decided to inform the landlord about the treasure next day, in the morning. He knew that the effect of the magic in his eyes will not last long. So, in order to identify the spot with the buried treasure, he stuck a stick on it.

An uneasy feeling woke him up at the middle of the night. He opened his eyes and saw an aerial figure standing before him. He gave a start.

"Acharya, why did you plant a stick on a piece of land outside

the village?" the figure asked him. Acharya kept quiet. The figure said again, "I know why. You have come to know that a treasure lies under it. Let me tell you that no one but my descendants should touch that wealth!" said the figure in a stern manner.

"Who are your descendants?" asked Acharya, after remembering the deity he worshipped.

"Madhav Mishra, at present. He should benefit by the treasure. Only then I will be in peace," replied the figure.

Acharya had meanwhile gathered his wits. He sat up and said, "Look here, Madhav's grandfather ran into difficulties and sold his lands to the landlord. At present the landlord owns that piece of land. I don't know if the hidden treasure can go to Madhav. Then, let me tell you the truth. There is no assurance that you will be in peace even if Madhav gets the wealth. I do not know to which generation of Madhav's ancestors you belong. But all his ancestors were priests. None of them was rich. How could you earn so much gold? I will not be surprised if you got it through some unfair means."

The aerial figure kept silent and hung his head. Acharya was en-



couraged. He said, "You will get peace only if the wealth is put to some really good use. I will ~~see~~ to it that the wealth will be used in something holy and at the same time Madhav will be benefited. Wait and see."

The figure dissolved.

Acharya met the landlord in the morning. "I want to build a shrine to Lord Siva," he said.

The landlord who had great respect for Acharya, asked, "Tell ~~me~~ how much donation you expect from me!"

"I want ~~a~~ plot of land from you," said Acharya, and he also

told the landlord the plot of land he had in mind. The landlord at once promised to dedicate the land to the proposed shrine.

Acharya set up ~~a~~ committee of pious villagers. The land was transferred to the committee. Then Acharya dug out the treasure and used it to build the temple. Then he appointed Madhav Mishra ~~as~~ the chief priest of the temple.

The night after the consecration of the temple, the aerial figure appeared before Acharya. "I am in peace. I express my gratefulness to you!" Thus saying, it faded out.

**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA
BY PLACING A REGULAR ORDER
WITH YOUR NEWS AGENT**



GHETU'S TRICKS

Have you heard of Ghetu the Lazy? You need not feel shy as if you haven't. But he may meet you one day — as every now and then he is thrown out of jobs and he goes looking for a new job.

Are you asking why? Well, his deeds are too numerous to be listed. He can hoodwink any master for a few days. But soon he is found out. Let me tell you what he did the other day at Shripur.

He was appointed as a servant-cum-cook by Ram Babu, a pious man, who lived alone. "Ghetu," Ram Babu told the boy, "here are two mangoes. They are not ordinary ones, but of a very special kind. A friend of mine brought them for me all the way from the city. Wash them and slice them. I will be back in half an hour."

Ram Babu had to deliver a

message to a neighbour. When he was back home, he found a holy man approaching his house. "Can you give me a glass of water to drink, my son?" asked the holy man.

"With pleasure, sir," replied Ram Babu. "Can I serve you with anything else?" he asked.

"Well, today I cannot eat anything except fruits," said the holy man.

"Excellent. I have some good mangoes. Just wait," said Ram Babu. He went in and asked Ghetu to bring the mangoes, washed and sliced, in a plate.

"How can I slice the mangoes? The knife has become absolutely blunt!" replied Ghetu. He produced an old knife, a quite corroded one.

"What happened to the other knife?" asked Ram Babu.

"I don't know. Since joining your household yesterday, I have been seeing only this one!" replied Ghetu.

"All right. Let me sharpen it," said Ram Babu. He carried the knife to the backyard and began to sharpen it against a stone.

Ghetu came out to the verandah and gazed at the holy man's ears and clucked.

"What are you observing, sonny?" asked the holy man.

"Nothing but your ears. Which of the two have you offered to my master?" asked Ghetu.

The holy man looked amazed. "Why should I offer any of my ears to your master, my boy?" he asked.

Ghetu waved his head. "I understand," he said in a whisper. "My master has not told you about it. Some people offer their ears for a fee; from some others my master steals them in a coup. You belong to the second category."

"But, why?"

"Don't you know? He is performing a tantrik rite. He needs one hundred and one ears. But I can assure you that he never takes more than one ear from one man. Look there. My master is sharpen-



ing his knife. The operation will be over in five minutes."

The guest looked at the backyard of the house and saw what Ram Babu was doing. He sprang out of the compound of the house and began to walk very fast.

"Where is the holy man?" Ram Babu asked Ghetu when he found nobody on the verandah.

"He was a strange man. As soon as he saw the two mangoes in my hands, he snatched them from me, put them in his bag and walked away," replied Ghetu.

"Why should he do so? I could have sliced the mangoes for him!" said Ram Babu. Coming out to



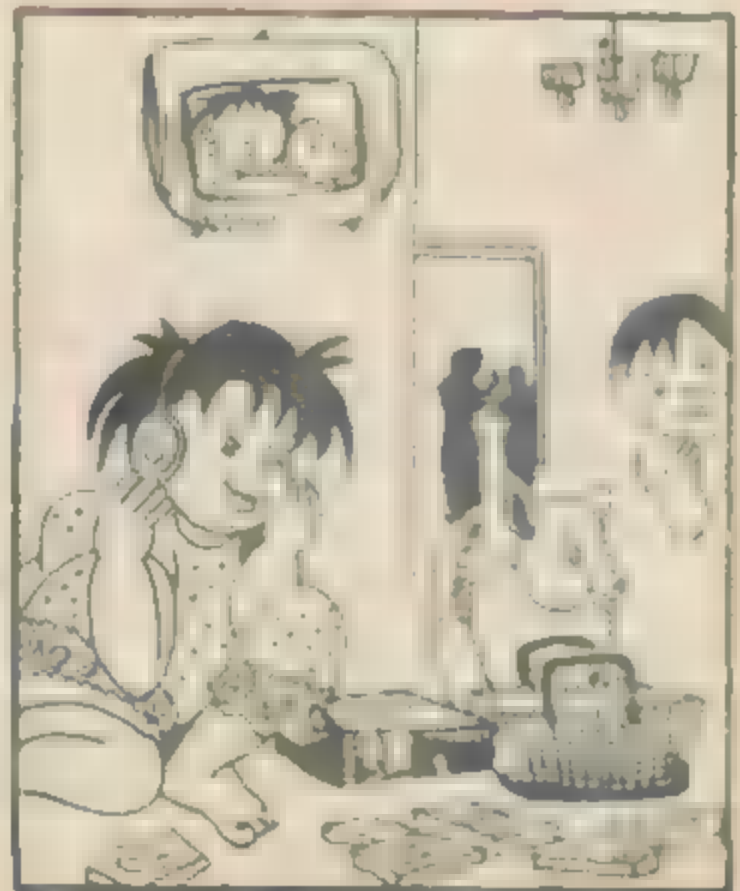
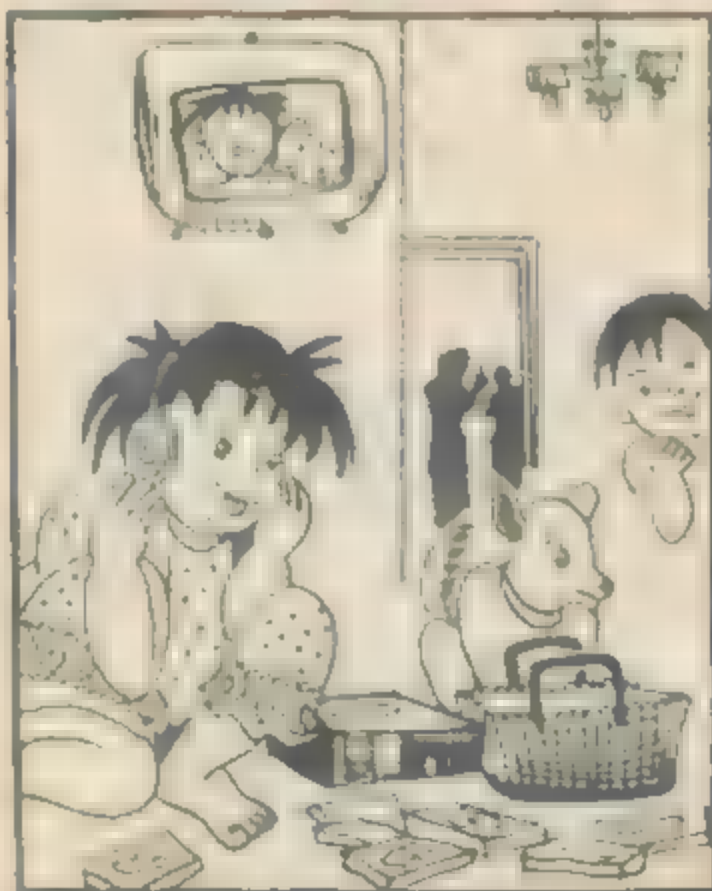
the street with the knife in his hand, he shouted, "Hello Sir, Here is the knife for you to"

But the guest looked back only once and then began to run.

"He was really a strange man!"

murmured Rani Babu. But in a day or two, he found out what kind of man Ghetu was. Needless to say, Ghetu had gobbled up both the fruit and soon he did similar things. Rani Babu threw him out ~~the~~ the very third day.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



HOW IS MS PRONOUNCED?

"In the Nov. issue of *Chandamama* you informed us that *Ms* can be used before a lady's name irrespective of her marital status. Will you kindly tell me how it is pronounced?" writes R. Jagannadha Rao of Vijayawada. Since the use of *Ms* is not very old, the question is likely to be there in the minds of many more readers. Well, it is to be pronounced as *Maiz*. Incidentally, *Mrs* is to be pronounced as *Misiz*. In *Miss* however *s* is not to be pronounced as *Z*; the word is pronounced as simple *Mis*.

Deepak Shetty of Satpur, Nasik, wants to know the meaning of the proverbs "A stitch in time saves nine" and "As you sow, so you reap".

The first proverb tells us that a timely action can save us many troubles in the future. "As you sow, so you reap" means one cannot avoid the consequences of one's action.

Subir K. Bose of Durgapur wants to know what is meant by *the face value*. As you know, phrases generally have a literal meaning and, what is more important, a figurative or symbolic meaning. *The face value* is the sum stated on a money (currency) note or a coin. The face value may appear to be quite good, but in practice it may not satisfy your expectation. Hence, we use the term *face value* when we say that the apparent value of something may not be the same as its real value.

"What does *lying in low* mean?" asks Sudha Parmer of Nagpur. Further she wishes to know if *lying low* has any thing to do with this.

When the dead body of a royal personage or a very distinguished person is kept for the view of the general public, it is said that the body was lying in state. *To lie low* is to conceal oneself or one's intentions, by keeping quiet or remaining inactive.



A HANDFUL OF SALT

There was a king named Anoschirwan. Once when he was travelling through his own kingdom he came to a desolate place and set up his camp there.

As he relaxed in his tent, his chief cook came in and said remorsefully, "My lord, as I prepared to cook, I found out that we have got everything, but salt."

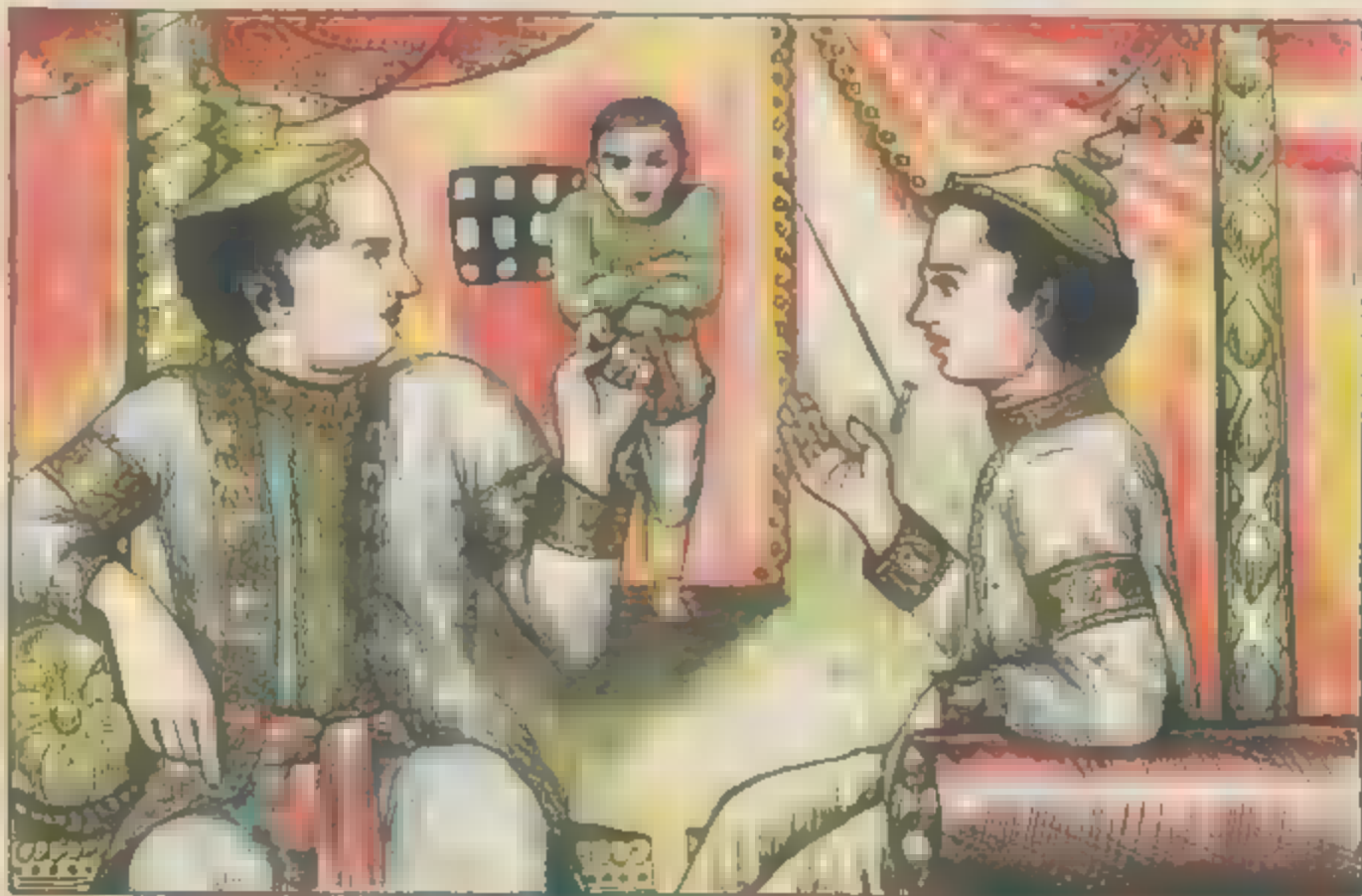
"I ■■■ You may send one of our servants to buy a handful of salt from the nearest bazar. But tell him to ascertain the right price of the salt by visiting two or three shops and then buy it," said the king.

The king had a friend with him, a nobleman from another country. After the cook had left, he smiled and asked the king, "Salt is among the cheapest of things. Is it necessary for your servant to be so cautious in buying it? What difference will it make to your purse even if the shopkeeper charged a little more than the price prevailing in the market?"

"My friend," answered the king. "There ■■■ two reasons for which I gave that caution to the cook. First, every injustice begins on a small note. If the shopkeeper thinks that he can charge a little more than his due on a small thing today, he will be tempted to do the same thing on a larger scale on other things tomorrow. Small drops of water make a lake. Small injustices and mischief go to make big wrongs."

"Thank you. What is the second reason for your cautioning the cook?"

"The shopkeepers should know that we are keeping an eye on their prices," replied the king.





What does "Delhi to Daulatabad" mean?

— Ramesh Sehgal, Bombay

Sultan Muhammad Tughluq was fascinated by the city of Devagiri on the upper Godavari valley. He changed its name to Daulatabad and shifted his capital from Delhi to Daulatabad in 1327. The scheme, however, did not work. His order to uproot all the people of Delhi and plant them on the soil of Daulatabad failed. Those who reluctantly came to Daulatabad, stealthily returned to Delhi. There were also practical administrative difficulties. The Sultan was obliged to shift the capital again from Daulatabad to Delhi.

"Delhi to Daulatabad" means an expensive and whimsical change which comes to nothing and has to be undone.

Where is Kamboj?

— Jayasmita Shah, Tatanagar

Kamboj or Kambuja Desha was the ancient name of modern Kampuchea, which was known till recently as Cambodia. Kamboj, according to legends prevalent in Kampuchea, had been founded by Kaundiniya, an Indian Brahmin.

My friend says that Vasco da Gama arrived in Calicut. But my idea is, he arrived in Cochin. Who is right?

— Vijaya Reddy, Hyderabad

Your friend is right. Vasco da Gama arrived in Calicut in 1498 and was received by the King of Calicut, Zamorin.



VACCINATION AN ASSURANCE OF GOOD HEALTH TO CHILDREN

Age to Start Vaccination	Name of Vaccine	Name of Disease	How Many Times
Birth	BCG	Tuberculosis	Once
6 weeks	Polio	Polio	Three times with intervals of at least one month
6 weeks	DPT	Diphtheria Pertussis (Whooping Cough) Tetanus	Three times with intervals of at least one month
9 months	Measles	Measles	Once

Babies should receive all vaccinations by the time they are twelve months old.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Anant Desai



Anant Desai

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for January '89 goes to :-

K.S. Machanna

C/o. Dr. K. Kameswara Rao

Tallapudi, W.G. Dist. A.P. 534341

The Winning Entry :- "Extremely Beautiful" ■ "Seemingly Thoughtful."

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Difficulty is a severe instructor.

— *Burke*

The eyes believe themselves; the ears believe other people.

— *German Proverb*

Unhappy is he who trusts only to time for his happiness.

— *Voltaire*



Statement about ownership of CHANDAMAMA (English)

Rule 8 (Form VI), Newspapers (Central) Rules, 1956

1. *Place of Publication* 'CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS'
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026
2. *Periodicity of Publication* MONTHLY
1st of each calendar month
3. *Printer's Name* B. V. REDDI
Nationality INDIAN
Address Prasad Process Private Limited
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026
4. *Publisher's Name* B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Nationality INDIAN
Address Chandamama Publications
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026
5. *Editor's Name* B. NAGI REDDI
Nationality INDIAN
Address 'Chandamama Buildings'
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026
6. *Name and Address of individuals who own the paper* CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS PARTNERS:
1. B. VENKATRAMA REDDY
2. B. V. SANJAY REDDY
3. B. V. NARESH REDDY
4. B. PADMAVATHI
5. B. VASUNDHARA
6. B. V. SHARATH REDDY
7. B. N. RAJESH
8. B. L. ARCHANA (Minor)
9. B. L. ARADHANA (Minor)
(Minors admitted to the benefits of Partnership)
'Chandamama Buildings'
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026

I, B. Viswanatha Reddi, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

1st March 1989

B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Signature of the Publisher



“
Everyday while a new India emerges, the
existence and memory of the old one
slowly fades.

The once-familiar sounds and sights, the
beauty of Indian traditions and values,
the ethnic and historical identity of its
people, the once prolific art and
handicrafts of rural India; a heritage is
vanishing. Discover a part of that real
India through the pages of The Heritage.

”

It's an unusual magazine. It has a
vision for today and tomorrow.
It features ancient cities and con-
temporary fiction, culture and scientific
developments, instead of filmstar inter-
views and political gossip. And it has
found a growing readership, an IMRB
survey reveals. Professionals, execu-
tives and their families are reading
The Heritage in depth - 40% from cover
to cover, 42% more than half the
magazine.

More than 80% of The Heritage readers
are reading an issue more than once.
And over 90% are slowly building their
own Heritage collection.
Isn't it time you discovered why?

THE
HERITAGE



Annual Subscription : Rs. 96.00

Get from Agencies, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras - 600 026.

CMP-2155



nutrine

OLÉ

FRUIT GUM

THE TASTE GOES

BOOM

IN YOUR MOUTH!

Pop 'em. Chew 'em. Love 'em in
your favourite real fruit flavours:
Strawberry, Watermelon,
Orange, Lemon. Crunch into that juicy
soft centre. And feel the flavour
all over you!

